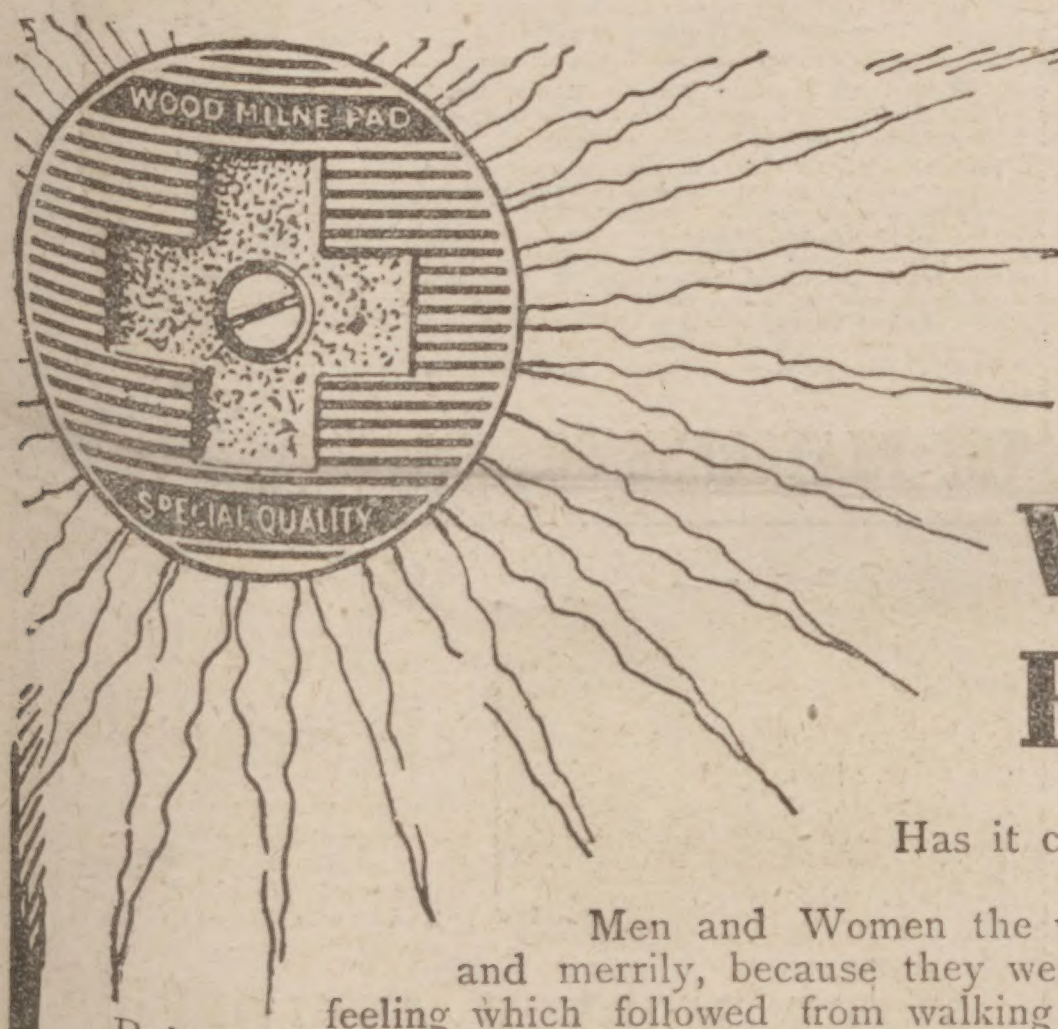
GROWING RAPIDLY

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 45. [Published Every Wednesday.] Week Ending September 11th, 1909. ONE PENNY.



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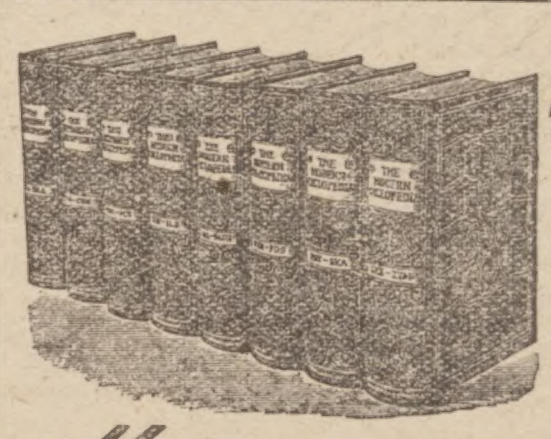

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 45. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

TASTING LIFE.

THE NEED FOR A CLEAN PALATE.

To obtain the full flavour of anything, to wrest from it all the delight it is capable of yielding, you must approach it with an appetite in proper condition.

To the sick man a beef steak is merely revolting, to the drunkard a glass of milk is a thing to be jeered at.

For the enjoyment of the flavour of anything on which you feed, your palate must be in the proper condition for perceiving the taste.

It is the same with life, for on life we feed, and on life we nourish or stunt our characters.

Find the man who does not enjoy life and you will invariably discover that the reason is that he tastes it without possessing the right palate.

Life, as the sportsman understands it, is a serious and yet a merry thing—serious in the demands it makes upon us and merry for the joys it yields—or, rather, which we extract by main force from it.

To the milk-and-water type of man life is a matter for the constant development of malice. He cannot appreciate its good things and he spends his time endeavouring to convince other people of their faults and in trying to reform them. Woe unto them if he succeeds in making them like himself!

The crank is one type of man who fails to enjoy life fully. Perpetually he is riding his hobby, whether it be teetotalism, Socialism, vegetarianism, or any other fad.

Always he is schoolmastering his fellow-men, or at least attempting to do so. He has an uneasy feeling somewhere at the back of his mind that his method of taking life is not the right one, and he is constantly trying to increase the number of duplicates of himself, just as the sinner endeavours to obtain self-satisfaction by leading others to sin.

In the crank, as in the sinner, there is none of that repose which is essential for the enjoyment of life.

To get from life all it can give, approach it with the simplicity of a child, be ready to see merit and humour everywhere and to find excuses for the fault of everybody.

But let your childlike outlook be modified by experience. Be ready for anything, but maintain that control which tells you when there is danger ahead and when it is necessary to pull up—and you always will pull up when you find that the pleasures you are indulging in cease to be of an innocent character and border upon folly, or worse.

There are many who believe that to enjoy life is a sin.

It isn't.

Animals enjoy themselves in their own way, and so may we—not, of course, after the manner of animals, for we are differently constituted, and gross indulgence of animal passions only brings regret to a man, not pleasure.

A man should enjoy life by keeping himself happy and healthy, and the way to this is through work—good hard work, whether it be at sport or in the earning of the daily bread-and-butter.

DAVID COOPER.

CHEEK.

When Mr. Lloyd George's little ways have reduced your pocket-money so that you can no longer afford to drink the alleged product of the pot still, do not sorrowfully ask the barmaid for a "Plebeian bitter, miss, please." She will probably retort that she only keeps Bass on draught.

* * * * * * *

The "Daily Mirror" published a portrait of a man who saved his parrot at the risk of his life when his ship ran ashore on the Scilly Islands, but no such honour is accorded the Irish farmer who rescued his pigs from a bog—but *he* only just managed to save his bacon.

* * * * * * *

An *Evening News* poster recently read: "House Sits for 18 Hours. M.P.'s in pyjamas." The Members have been a long time arriving at what is obviously the proper costume to slumber in.

* * * * * * *

Those who want to rest their brains completely from worry should steadfastly think of all the money they have given away from January 1 to date.

* * * * * * *

We were not surprised to read that pink encourages warmth of feeling. Yet a 'steemed contemp. of ours has not yet made arrangements to change its blushing hue.

* * * * * * *

It is said that sitting for a short while in a blue-papered room cures irritability. It is believed that many Territorial Sergeants' mess-rooms at the drill halls will be done in this colour shortly—at the urgent request of several thousand recruits.

* * * * * * *

The Suffragettes are beginning to think that the purple part of politics is but a hollow way.

* * * * * * *

After all, it is a lordly job to be a stipendiary magistrate, for if you are ploughed on any subject you can clear the Court.

* * * * * * *

Sir H. Beerbohm Tree was in favour of the Censorship, while all the rest of the lights of the drama wanted the office abolished. If all the world is a Stage it is evident that Sir H. B. T. does not intend to be in the chorus.

* * * * * * *

It is said that much may be learned from continually watching expert golfers play. It is a proven fact that, in course of time, many brilliant-trained caddies have been known to swear quite as well as some of our leading professionals.

* * * * * * *

Think of what a lot of whisky at a ha'penny extra tax per glass will have to be absorbed to help pay for those Dreadnoughts! Patriotic men will kindly make it a rule to be inebriated not less than seven nights per week.

* * * * * * *

During the Aviation week at Rheims, when there were so many flighty chaps gathered together, Miss Anna Held, the famous actress, offered to go as a passenger on one of the æroplanes; but her friends wouldn't hear of it, and forcibly prevented her from making an ascent. Query to ladies: Why was Anna Held?

J. B. PONDERS.

ATHLETIC TOGS.

SOME USEFUL SPORTING HINTS.

The first consideration of the sportsman in the matter of clothing is naturally utility. Appearance comes second.

A man does not want to come out at the end of a hard-fought footer match or a long cross-country run looking as if he had just emerged from a band box. Yet he will probably want at least to start looking as smart as possible, and the man whose sporting kit is slovenly is usually a bad sportsman. He does not care enough for his sport or game to dress respectably for it.

For the runner lightness is everything, and the thinnest of zephyrs and calico shorts will be all that is required. Nothing impedes the free use of the legs so much as shorts of flannel or serge, especially if they are of any length. They also involve a drag on the waist, which is most trying to the long-distance runner.

The calico shorts can be supported by a mere band of elastic, which, however, should be turned down over the hips, so as to relieve the waist of all pressure.

In the matter of shoes, each man has his own preference. The sprinter will use spikes, the cross-country man plain, thin leather soles. Rubber soles are best avoided by the runner in all cases.

Many athletes make the mistake of using socks that are too thin. Reduce their weight as much as you like by cutting them down above the ankle, but not by reducing the thickness of texture between your foot and the shoe. A thin sock will wrinkle up or wear through, and so cause sores or blisters, and it will fail to absorb the perspiration of your foot.

The footballer's costume does not admit of many variations. Blue serge is, of course, preferable, and more economical than white flannel for the shorts, and bars are better than circular studs for the soles of the boots. The latter really give no better grip on the ground, and if you have once had your hand trodden on by them, you will agree that they ought to be put down by regulation.

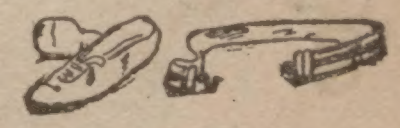
One's costume for riding must depend entirely on time and place. One would not wear the same togs for riding in country lanes as would be demanded in Rotten Row.

In summer coolness is the horseman's main object, and, especially for an early morning ride or in a district where appearance is not important, canvas gaiters may well replace leather leggings, and a drab shirt, such as is used in the army, enables you to dispense with a coat, at the expense of looking a little like a frontiersman or a boy scout.

For golf, the stereotyped costume is hardly to be improved on, provided the coat has expanding pleats which give full freedom, and the breeches are not too tight at the knee.

The main thing to be looked for in athletic togs is comfort. That they should be clean and intact goes without saying, but the best athlete is rarely he who has at considerable expense provided himself with a complete swagger outfit, which probably impedes his movements.

R. CORY.



SOME STRAIGHT TIPS FOR BOXERS

"Hit, and hit hard."
—MARTIN.

Boxing is to some extent an exact science, and it is possible to lay down definite rules in connection with it. I remember once reading in THE MODERN MAN an admirable description of the whole art of boxing, in which the chief hits and counters were described. You can learn the hits and counters either from books or from an instructor, but, to be a really good boxer, you require to go a good deal further than this.

In a word, you require to use your inventive faculty.

A good street-fighter can stand up against, and even beat, a thoroughly scientific boxer.

The street-fighter does not know the scientific way of hitting and countering, but he has the fighting instinct. You cannot, of course, acquire an instinct, but you can approach it very closely.

I should say that the best advice I can give one who wants to be a good boxer is to learn all that is usually taught in this connection and to learn it thoroughly—then forget it.

If you have once acquired the scientific rules of boxing and throw them aside in the way I have mentioned, you will make yourself a very powerful fighting force.

The memory of the old rules will remain with you, but it will not be strong enough to hinder you. You will not for ever be thinking "What does the book say I ought to do next?" Instead, you will use the information you have acquired as a substitute for instinct, and all your originality as a fighter will have full scope.

THE ONLY WAY TO SCORE POINTS.

I am not saying that you want to fight like a hooligan, for, of course, you don't.

I only mean that, even in practice and friendly spars, you should put into the game a bit of novelty, for that is the way you are going to score points in fun and knockouts in earnest.

You cannot learn boxing in an easy-chair, and you cannot learn it simply by paying down so much solid cash. You have jolly well got to hustle round and, in a sense, teach yourself.

Talking of hustling round brings to mind the necessity for freedom on the feet.

Some men are born with free feet action, and others never get it, for their feet seem to be glued down to the ground.

The need for freedom of feet movement is admitted by every teacher of boxing, for by this means alone can you step in or retire quickly.

It is a common practice in country districts before sending a horse to a show to trot him over ploughed ground. This makes him lift his feet well when he gets them on level ground again. I have known men who are naturally slow on their feet acquire great improvement in a somewhat similar way.

GETTING EASE ON THE FEET.

Instead of wearing light gymnasium shoes when sparring, they have worn boots.

If you practise moving about sharply while wearing boots, you will find great freedom in the feet when you discard these and put on gymnasium shoes.

To be a really good boxer you ought to be able to hold your own with any man, and not merely with a friend with whom you are in the habit of practising.

It is easy to get to know just where his weak points lie, and in time you can make certain of beating him, but you must remember that other boxers whom you are going to meet may not have these weak points.

The moral is very obvious: box with as many different men as possible.

To excel at boxing you must make it your hobby and follow every advance in the science.

To take an example: until recently the correct attitude was held to be the upright one which is commonly seen in sporting prints, but the Americans have taught us that the crouching attitude is better.

The boxer must keep up with the times if he is going to maintain his superiority over his competitors. Every new idea should be given a fair trial, and, if it is found to be good, it ought to be adopted without hesitation or prejudice.

R. B. KING.

"In fact, you would like to be a man," said Cholly to the Suffragette.

"Yes," she replied, "and wouldn't you?"

CRICKETLESS COUNTIES.

Why is it that some counties consistently produce first-class cricketers, while others just as consistently fail to do so?

Once again the Fielders are about to cease from fielding and the Blythes be blithe no more And once again the County Cricket Championship has been practically confined to Kent, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Surrey, and a few others.

Cricket is, after all, the Englishman's national game, and the absence of high-class batsmen and bowlers in some of the counties that have produced as many great Englishmen as any is a somewhat curious phenomenon.

Devonshire and Lincolnshire, for instance, are, after Yorkshire, the two largest counties, and have therefore obvious advantages. But their cricket standard, to put it mildly, is far from being all it should be.

Yet Devonshire, to take a case, has done as much as, or even more than, any other county to make England's history. The Elizabethan sea-dog, who had such a tremendous share in the building up of the Empire, hailed, as often as not, from glorious Devon.

The Devonian, in fact, may be regarded as the typical Englishman—in all but cricket. Rugby football flourishes in his county, but H. Martyn, the old Somerset and Gentlemen wicket-keeper, and Arnold, of Worcester, are about the only first-class cricketers he has given us.

Lincolnshire, again, can point, it is true, to Lord Hawke as a native, but her roll of great batsmen and bowlers is, like Devonshire's, amazingly small.

The same inexplicable sort of thing may be seen on a larger scale in one of our great overseas Dominions.

Australia and South Africa have long shown themselves perfectly capable of taking on the Mother Country. Canadians repeatedly assure us that Canada, notwithstanding Mr. Kipling's description of her as "Our Lady of the Snows," rejoices in quite an excellent summer. But where is Canadian cricket?

SPORTSMAN: "It's your fault I didn't bag that deer this morning."

GHILLIE: "My fau't, sir?"

SPORTSMAN: "Yes. I saw something moving through the mist, and I said—'Is that you, Donald?' Then the deer bolted. Next time I'm going to say nothing and shoot."

MALE EMOTIONS.

VII. DESPAIR.

I sincerely hope that this is an emotion that few of you know much about. We all, I think, get tastes of it now and then, in fact, no man can be said to have reached full development until he is acquainted with all his emotions; but of despair we take but a small draught because it is so painfully unpleasant.

I am inclined to think that despair is the most dreadful of the emotions to experience. It is far worse than the antithesis of hope; it is the absolute negation of life.

Love, hate, courage, sympathy, pity, fear, revenge—all these help to fill the mind and to occupy the time. All are incentives to action.

But despair is a void. It makes the soul conscious of emptiness in all things save its own intense agony.

Yet, when despair is at its worst the dreadful thing is that it lacks the solace of expression. It allows no tears, no voicing of lament, not even the curses of angry rebellion. Despair is silent, cold and grey like ashes, the very emotion of death.

That is despair at its worst, and it is something to be thankful for that the majority of men are spared from knowing it in such final form.

However, you, the reader, have no doubt at one time or another despaired of doing a certain thing, either attaining some ambition, or getting *the* woman to return your love, or, perhaps, despaired of being cured of some disease or deformity.

But have you noticed that so long as the feeling has possession of you you are unable to stir? Have you noticed that despair knocks all the fight out of you? Very likely you have; and just as soon as you have recognised the effect it is having upon you the other parts of your nature get up and at it. Why?

Because instinctively you object to mental death equally as much as to physical death. You hate despair because it is the murderer of hope and courage and love, and everything that is concomitant with life and vitality.

I can imagine one or two cases where probably there is nothing left for a man but despair; but only one or two.

I should imagine that a man sentenced to death must feel terrible, all-final despair while he is being pinioned and when he feels the bag over his head. We hear that it is more usual than not for the prisoner to walk firmly and (apparently) bravely to the scaffold, and it is very likely the truth. But inwardly he has already died the death of despair, so that all feeling has gone from him, fear included.

There must be vast despair when a swimmer finds he is weakening and there is none near to help and the water closes over him.

There must be despair in the realisation that the one most beloved of you in all the world is dying, or is dead, and cannot be seen or touched again.

But I cannot conceive despair except in connection with death.

Take an instance where a man is attacked by a disease and recovery is hopeless, though he may live many years—say a bad case of consumption. You will never find the patient in despair. The reason is that he has other emotions alive.

When Tennyson spoke of "tears from the depths of some divine despair" it was an exquisite poetical expression, but it was emotionally untrue. Despair can shed no tears. When tears can come despair has been conquered.

I think this deeper understanding of the deadening power of despair is worth knowing. No matter how miserable the circumstances may be that we are in, we should all take particular care to shut out despair from our minds.

Even if we find our little structure of existence, erected at the cost of years of labour and care, collapsing about our ears, there is still some fun left in life if we start building again. This life is a good deal of a game, you know.

C. WOLFE.

MORE THAN BROTHERS.

THE RECORD OF A CHUMSHIP.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

"Dear Old Chap" (began one of the letters),—

"I got your card announcing safe arrival, and your letter this morning. Glad you've fixed up comfortable digs, and that you scrambled through the first few days at the office with no more scratches than you expected. I always think beginning a new job is a tricky ordeal. It's like the first hedge in the country—you take it with your eyes shut.

"So you can't say anything about London yet, except that it makes you feel like a cork in the sea? I don't wonder! But, wait. I shall be having all sorts of poetical definitions from you presently. You'll find a different one for it each day, once you make a start. You were always that way, you know. A thing doesn't exist for you unless you've got a name for it.

"As for news, well, what news do you expect from a dead-alive country town like this? Besides, you've only been gone a week. Nothing's happened except that the place has taken on a duller air than ever. Perhaps it's because you've gone, you brute. Don't collapse with astonishment if you see me walk into your digs some night. If it wasn't for feeling that I ought to stick at home—anyhow, that doesn't matter.

"Where do you think I'm scribbling this? In the attic with the gloves just as we left them the night before you went. What a licking I gave you! You were so damn blue you didn't care what I did, so I got a bit back of my own. I may tell you it gave me a touch of animal glee to know that you had something of mine to take with you to London, though it was only a lump on the head.

"I saw Kittie last night and she studiously talked about nothing in particular before asking whether I'd heard from you. I retorted 'Have you?' and she coloured. The beggar was anxious to think that she was the only one you troubled about. If I see her about to-night I'll show her yours to me, because, of course everything you say and do counts. But it's all Hades to a cinder she won't return the compliment. I wonder why!

"Gip's just shoved his nose into my hand, so that means 'Out you come, and chuck gassing!' Nevertheless, he sends lawless memories.

"Write when you've got a chance.

"Yours, VIC."

* * * * * *

[*From the same writer five weeks later.*]

"Dear Old Phil—

"Your last was ripping! It was almost like having the words come from your old phiz in the chair opposite. You've got the knack of writing as you talk, thank goodness.

"When you speak of the teeming crowds and the tread of feet, the lights, and faces, faces, faces—gad! I'm with you, looking through your eyes. And being one in a multitude! No wonder it's a queer fascination just to stand at a street corner and watch.

"But you're still on the brink, you know. You'll tumble in the maelstrom soon, get whirled around till you're too giddy to know where you are, and then get chucked high and dry on some strange beach—the land they call Life. I'd like to be swimming with you.

"As for doings here I'm almost ashamed to relate them. They seem so insignificant compared with the size of yours. But you say they're as good as a fresh breeze in a hot room to you, so here goes. (What follows for a space is only of personal interest.)

"I send the couple of quid. Hope it will carry you over till screw day. If it doesn't, letme know.

"Glad you've found a fellow in the office a bit after your own heart. He'll help to fill the blank.

"The mater and girls send their love.

"Ever your pal, VIC."

* * * *

[*Letter-card from the same writer six days later.*]

"Dear Phil,—

"What d'ye think? Old Davies—the squire's steward, you know—called yesterday and told the Guvnor that the farm rents are going up all round. I suppose Squire's as hard up as the rest of us. We've got to pay £78 a year more or quit. Of course it means pay. Bit rotten, ain't it? The old chap seems to feel it, after working up the land as he has done.

"Hope you're keeping fit, VIC."

* * * *

[*Same writer a month later.*]

"Dear Old Chap—

"You're right. There'll be no shifting for me for a bit, especially as rail rates have now gone up. We look like feeling the pinch next year.

"Don't curse—but we've sold Firefly. Young Fordred offered forty quid for him and the figure tempted the Guvnor. I think he'll treat him well, but I wish the swine hadn't got so much money, for all that. I'm afraid you'll have to put up with some crock for a mount when you come down. Dear old Firefly! I've ridden him into the sunset many a time with glory ahead, beneath, and all over me. Gad! and he's gone.

"After all, you can curse if you like. I've tried to, but the words are empty as a drum. V."

* * * * * * *

[*Same writer nearly four months later.*]

"Dear Old Boy—

"I don't really mean those three words. I feel more like calling you what you are—an unadulterated idiot! Now I know why I haven't had a sight of your scrawl for so long. Why the devil didn't you let me know before that you were in the cart. You shall have the tenner on Friday. I can't send it to-day because it takes a day or two to get it out of the post-office. Don't worry; I shan't want it for a week or two.

"And look here, old chap. Of course, you know your own affairs best, but I shouldn't hobnob with that crowd you're thick with if you find their purse is longer than yours. It generally means a damn sight more wretchedness than fun. You have to go their rate, you know, and sprinting ain't the way to win a long-distance race.

"Another thing while I'm at it. What's wrong between you and Kittie? This ain't a question, though it sounds like one, because I don't expect a reply. But it's not natural for her to be so evidently enjoying herself. She's here, there, and everywhere, and can't keep still. Some girls are flagrant, like poppies, and its right for 'em to be on view. But Kittie always seemed to me more like a lily of the valley—shy and dainty, and kind of lurking sweet.

"Kick me for interfering. But take a pull on the reins nevertheless.

"We're all well, and Madge, who took the dairy in hand some time ago, is showing some really wonderful returns. She's a sister to be proud of.

"You shall have a line or two on Friday with the cash. "Ever yours, VIC.

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[*Postcard from same writer several days afterwards.*]

"Did you get my letter of Friday safely? Write by return.—V."

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[*Letter from same writer three weeks later.*]

"Dear Phil—

"I received your letter-card giving address of new digs, which, of course, explains why you didn't get my other letters. Sorry you took the needle over my writing to your business address, but, you see, getting no reply, I was wondering whether you'd received the tenner all right. Glad it was so useful, and set you on your feet. The end of next month will do, as you say, but don't run yourself entirely out in your anxiety to stick to the date.

"Forgive brevity. We're as busy as bees.

"VIC."

* * * * * * *

[*Letter from same writer several weeks afterwards.*]

"Dear Old Phil,

"Why this silence, you miserable sinner?

"A pile of things lately have been happening in this obscure niche in the world, and it may interest you to hear them.

"Madge is engaged. He's a fellow at the bank, and one of the best. He and I were getting on famously until the eternal feminine intruded her disturbing personality. Then the bounder revealed such an appetite for my company I began to suspect something. Talked freely of Madge and trapped him. Did likewise with her and result ditto. Oh, I know!—and I envy the beggars.

"You always liked Madge. You must write and congratulate her. She often asks about you.

"We shall miss her when she goes, but then, nothing lasts unchanged, does it? I'm the only one that seems to stick.

"By the way, Kittie Green has gone into a nursing hospital at ———. She quietened down a good deal before she went. Now that she's done it I can see that was what she was born for. Some women are all sacrifice.

"I went in the old attic for something or other yesterday. Somehow it seemed to drag me back to the youngster days again. It was just the same. Perhaps that's why I'm writing this. You once said a chum was more than a brother. I shall be doubting it if you don't buck up and answer.

"Let's hear all you're doing and thinking, there's a good chap.

"As always, VIC."

* * * * * * *

[*Letter from same writer months afterwards.*]

"Dear Phil,—

"I took the nag and rode over to your old home to-day to try and get to know something about you. I expected to hear you were dead or gone abroad or married—or something that would explain your silence. But no. Your folks say you're well, doing well, still in the same digs to which I last wrote, and that you're coming home for holiday soon.

"It was the last bit of information that made me sit down and write this. When you went away, I don't mind telling you, it meant a big thing to me to think I should get a hold of your fist again some day. But it doesn't seem so big now, old chap.

"You were always apt with definitions. What's the exact wise and poetical one for this? I'm meaning no sarcasm. I'm just curious to know.

"If you don't find time to answer this you shall tell me when we meet. But you won't need to open your mouth to do it. I shall know when I have a look at your phiz. VIC."

* * * * * * *

[*Extract from letter by same writer to Kittie Green three weeks later.*]

". . . I saw old Phil while he was up here, but only once or twice. We were both horribly uncomfortable together, doing our best to pretend the old feeling, and knowing we were frauds at the same time.

"He's got a girl in London, so it can't be that he's jealous over you and me.

"We grew up in the same soil, and the transplanting did it, I suppose. But I feel rather sick over it.

"Write me one of your brave letters, my sweet, shy beloved—(but the rest concerns nobody).

AFTER CRAW-MAGS

A NOVELTY IN THE WAY OF MIDNIGHT SPORT.

Crawmag is a local term for fresh water crayfish. At one time they were very plentiful in the streams of the home counties. Then for some unknown reason they, together with perch, seemed to disappear. Perch have come again, but whether the crawmags have I know not.

The outfit consists of a dozen small hoop-nets—each with a ring in the centre of the net and three short strings attached to each hoop and tied to a cord some three yards in length—half a dozen herrings in a very advanced stage of putrefaction, a five-foot stick with a V-shaped fork at the thin end, a dark lantern, and a fish creel.

The harvest moon is at the full. We have donned old coats and thick boots, tied half a herring in the centre of each net, and, with half a dozen each slung over our backs, we wend our way over the meadows to the stream.

THE SPORT BEGINS.

Treading as lightly as may be, we approach the first likely dub. The long cord is passed through the fork of the stick, the net swung out over the stream, and gently lowered.

When the net lies snugly at the bottom of the stream, the cord is put in as conspicuous a place as possible on the bank. A piece of white rag tied to its end is handy, and saves time when we come back to raise the net.

Following the winding stream we gradually deposit the whole dozen nets, and now have time to look about a bit. The willows in the moonlight take all sorts of grotesque shapes. Waterhens utter their peculiar call, and scuttle to cover. A heron rises slowly from the shallows, uttering a shrill protest. It is a favourite haunt of his, and he considers it, to say the least, unfriendly to disturb his fishing operations.

Pert sparrows get excited as they view us from their retreats. They are invisible, and but for their notes of angry abuse we had never known they were there. A rabbit squeals away over the meadow, fallen a victim to the most remorseless of our carnivoræ, the weasel. But we have not time to seek him. If we did, it's very doubtful whether we'd even catch a glimpse of him. We might, perhaps, find the rabbit.

THE FIRST DRAW.

Our first net is a good mile behind us, and to this we return. On reaching it—the cord is soon found—once more the forked stick comes into operation. The line is held perpendicular over the net. A quick heave, and the pressure of the water will keep any mags on the net if we have been so lucky as to find a run.

The net is soon on terra firma, the lantern turned on—for the mags are quick little beggars, and will leave the net and scuttle for water at an amazing pace if given the chance—in fact, we lose a lot this way, for the grass is thick on the stream banks. Once a mag gets outside the circle of light thrown by the bullseye, he is usually lost, his dark colour making him difficult to detect in the dark green coarse grasses.

If only one rewards us when we lift a net, that net is slung over the shoulder to be deposited beyond our last net, and so on. Some three miles of the stream is to be fished and the distances between the nets are often considerable.

One must be quick in handling a mag, for they can nip one in a most unpleasant fashion. Some of them are of considerable size, and with seven or eight all in a hurry to leave a newly-lifted net, it is not easy to avoid an occasional nip, but it is all in the night's sport.

One's tobacco takes to itself a special flavour as the evening wears on—a combination of ancient herring and essence of water-weeds. It's hardly an improvement, and decidedly only to be tolerated out of doors.

THE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT.

The distant but distinct cry of a plover, and presently the frightened rush of a hare, tell of some night marauder, either two or four-legged. Now and again one hears the plop of a lazy old chub rising to suck down some fat-bodied night moth—making a mental note of the spot for future use. True, the bushes are thick, but there be more ways of killing a cat than hanging him, and also more ways of catching chub than throwing a Palmer.

But we have taken our last net out, and in the creel we have some hundred crayfish—no inconsiderable load. As we are about to top the stile leading into the lane a silent-winged owl comes through the gap in which the stile is set, nearly taking off my hat. A weird, silent figure he, as he glides off on his errand of destruction, albeit a good friend to the farmer.

Despite the fact that the herrings are so very unsavoury, it is curious to note that we neither of us think of throwing them away—in all likelihood they will be allowed to remain in the nets for many days—why, I cannot say, but so it is.

Country folk seem very casual about such things. Who has not seen a valuable agricultural implement left without cover of any sort in the corner of a field, or in the stack garth? The habit is very general, but it is a pity. Ploughs cost money, and are really worth taking care of.

RURAL RESTLESSNESS.

At the moment I know where a valuable binder stands out in the open with only a bit of straw thrown over it. There will be trouble next harvest for certain, and much expense for repairs, which might be avoided by taking reasonable care to house this machine.

On our return the nets are hung in an outhouse, the creel put where no marauding cat can get at it, our muddy boots are kicked off, some ale is mulled, and we draw round the old gunroom fire for a gossip.

The rest of the household are in bed. Not for long do we sit. The warm fire and spicy ale soon tell their tale, and first one, then the other nods, and a move for roost is mooted and agreed to.

At tea-time next day we reap the benefit of our night's sport, for several fine dishes of reddish-brown lobsters in miniature grace the table. Real good they are, and well worth the tramp through the dewy meadows.

H. L. LIDDELL.

DIRTY VISITING CARDS.

Some men keep their visiting cards in cigarette cases, while others stow them away in a pocket of their notebooks; others, who take greater care in these matters, carry a small card case which is used for no other purpose, except, perhaps, for postage stamps. But however you keep your cards they get more or less dirty after a week or two. Nothing looks worse than to send your name on a bit of dirty cardboard, and the impression thus given may militate against you in business.

The way to keep your cards clean is to carry only three or four about with you, and to replace these with a fresh batch constantly.

Another tip is to have your name in neat lettering; anything heavy looks vulgar.

ROBINSON TAKES UP POULTRY-FARMING.

WITHOUT MUCH SUCCESS.

Robinson is a City man, and the only time he has ever been in the country is on his annual holiday.

As for poultry, bless you! he doesn't know one variety from another. But he says he is sick of town life.

Now, Robinson is a man of ideas—not always practical. He is all right in his counting-house, but on a poultry-farm—why he's of no more value than a weather-cock.

Robinson is of the opinion that the best plan is to invest in a village beer-house, because, he explains, there is such a nice lot of land attached.

"Why not buy a poultry-farm?" we ask.

Robinson looks wise. "No, no, my boy, nobody sells a poultry-farm unless it has gone to pot—the ground sour and the birds pippy."

"But if you buy a beer-house you'll have to be a publican," we urge.

Robinson smiles. "Why not? it will amuse the wife. She hates poultry."

"You see," he goes on, "there's no more picturesque place than a village inn, and it's so cheap."

Here he produces a newspaper and reads out a fascinating list of most desirable purchases.

"But you know nothing of the business, either of selling beer or rearing fowls."

"My dear fellow, a business man like me can master any business he sets his mind to."

Robinson has more money than brains really—he doesn't know it—but in comparison with his conceit his money's nowhere.

Some few months after I had a line from Robinson saying he had got his heart's desire.

"Behold me the proprietor of the 'Golden Goslings,' situated in the romantic valley of the Mendips, and if you will come and see us, you shall experience for yourself that man's warmest welcome is at an inn." High falutin' fool, Robinson!

We go.

But there is only Robinson to greet us. The wife's gone home to her mother!

We arrive at the "Golden Goslings." Well! it may have sounded all right in the advertisement, though we suspect that the man who drew it up was a genius in his own line of lying.

In front was a patch of ground on which the only thing to be seen was the post which supported the sign. It may have been a green once.

"It's last year's drought," whispers Robinson.

We go inside. The first glass of Robinson's ale is the last. It may be somebody's entire—but he's entirely done Robinson, that's plain.

We think that the back may be more picturesque than the front. But there's not a vestige of a flower-trimmed porch—there's a remnant of a dead pear-tree still clinging to the wash-house wall. In evidence of Robinson's hobby the ground is liberally strewn with feathers.

"How are the fowls getting on?" we ask.

"Splendidly," says Robinson, leaning over a pen to pick up what looks uncommonly like a dead fowl and pretending that it is usual to throw poultry into the ash-pit.

Robinson has tried turkey-rearing, but the poults baffled him—there are still one or two left, sad and chronic invalids. As for goslings, they are on the sign—and nowhere else.

We asked if he had a good supply of eggs.

"Certainly." And he thereupon pokes about in the outhouses, but does not seem to find any nests.

"They lay away," he says darkly.

Then we go indoors to a nondescript kind of meal.

"Eggs?" Well, yes, rather. But Robinson's predecessor's hens must have laid them, and I think he also must have intended to sit them!

"I shall not stay here," says Robinson, as I shake hands with him at the little wayside station. "I shall sell the poultry-farm, it's a going concern, you see."

I should have described it as "Gone."

SIGISMUND SMITH.

A MAN'S CONFESSIONS

Laugh where we must; be candid where we can.—POPE.

I had a strange question put to me once. Though it was many years ago I have never forgotten it, and as it came from a man and a soldier, I think it worth repeating.

He said, "Do you think, if you made the attempt, that you could write your confessions?"

My answer was what I expect every man's answer would be if he spoke honestly.

"Yes," I said, "but I shouldn't like anyone to read them."

He laughed, and told me to try it.

"But you won't be able to," he added, "not if you mean to put down all. You *daren't*."

He was not a man to make sweeping assertions idly, but I did not believe him till I tried.

I tried—and I stopped. I began it alone in a room. I put down all the sins I had done that I could think of, and it kept me busy for a long time.

Nevertheless, I did not encounter much difficulty when dealing with what are known as the sins. I confessed to breaking every law in the Commandments save murder, and as the pages piled up, I began to feel more exultation than remorse.

I began to see myself as a Colossus of evil, one of the great, terrifying figures that loom through history and provide a horrifying example to mankind. So overwhelmingly numerous were my misdeeds, that I wondered whether the flames of the fiery pit were not after all too gentle a punishment. I felt that a special inferno would have to be erected to purge me—and I don't know that in my character I am so much worse than the average man.

Then when I started to put down my virtuous acts—it didn't take me long—I went through the lot, and was not dissatisfied. I wondered how it was my soldier friend could have got hold of such a mistaken idea that a man dared not face the written record of himself. It became evident to me that he must have perpetrated some foul deed that he was anxious to forget.

And with the very thought came the reality that all the things I had confessed were those of which I was not ashamed. There were subtle little meannesses, sly hints, contemptible innuendoes, cowardly deceptions buzzing about my head like a swarm of gnats at evening—myriads of them.

And as I sat and became aware of them my mind's eye, as it were, saw the swarm settle upon the carcase of my character, and the gnats grew into flies, and the flies into carrion—all feeding upon my body.

I felt my being tainted. All over me was the furious breeding of evil things. I became a seething mass of corruption.

And I stopped. I shut the eyes of my mind, sickened at the sight, and came back to the blind yet blissful ignorance of everyday things.

Does such a description strike you as extravagant? Then have a go at it yourself. You will then know whether you are even entitled to be conceited. I don't care if you are one of the straight-living chaps who have steered clear of definite, understood sins. If you dare confess yourself only to yourself then you are the bravest man on earth and I should like to shake hands with you.

* * * * * * *

Are we then corrupt? Are we hideous and revolting when seen below the surface?

Faith preserve us, *no*!

The judgment of a man of himself is faulty, as are all things that a man does. That is why we do not understand ourselves, much less others. Our powers of analysis are limited. We are incapable of measuring the magnitude of our sins (I don't like the word, it is pitiably inept) because we cannot trace where they began nor where they end.

Indeed, it is likely that they are as eternal as space When a man is a liar, a thief, a murderer, an adulterer, he is merely surrendering to a weakness that has come down to him through the ages. Also—this must not be forgotten — his combatative power has come down through the ages as well. I mention this as illustrating how closely we are related to the races which have preceded us.

When a man looks upwards at night and tries to project his mind through the immensity of emptiness above him, his mind reels back on itself. It will do the same if he endeavours to project it through the generations that have gone before him.

You are the Present of the Eternal.

There is no present, you may have heard. You are informed that you are no sooner aware of the present than it is the past. That is a comprehensive, all complete lie. There is never anything else but the present.

Then the meaning, the value of it?

It may be as well to say, in passing, that everything has a meaning. Nothing is accidental, just as nothing is destructible. Even a leaf drifting across a road is not moving accidentally. For one thing it is obeying a law, for another where it rests it has its use, either as manure or food or shelter for insects. Think it out.

The meaning? I don't know. The value? I don't know.

But the recognition that there *are* a meaning and a value is a far stride on the road to wisdom.

For if a man realises that what he does to-day will be never-ending in its consequences, he will be preciously careful what it is he does.

To take a powerful instance. The unscrupulous liar is going to beget liars. Upon the invisible tablet of your offspring (when you have any) is going to be written the story of your life. There will be other stories dating back into infinity. But yours will be there.

There is only one duty for a man in this existence. Turning his mind inwards upon himself is the pastime of a fool. It must be outwards; it must be to the reality of the present.

Opportunity is nothing but awareness of the present. Men who have inscribed their names in history have been one and all opportunists.

I am no moralist except as concerned with pride of self. That is the only morality for us—the modern men.

We each have our ideal—which is another name for religion—but we make no confessions; we haven't the time.

But should we be challenged to one, let it be: "What has been is of infinitely less importance than what *is*."

A. G. STORM.

WEAK HUMOUR.

One of the greatest nuisances that walks about in trousers is the habitual punster and weak humorist.

"Good morning!" you say to him.

"I don't think it's a good morning," he replies. "I think its a very bad morning."

Throughout his conversation is just the same. Constantly he sets your nerves on edge with a weak pun, or tries to trip you up as in the above instance. There is just one thing that you can do with a bore like this, and that is do without him.

To saddle yourself with his friendship is to endure unnecessary torture.

THE MAN AND THE HORSE.

A SKETCH.

They were both splendid animals, the chestnut upstanding, and his owner magnificent. Daredevil Bert, his friends called him.

The man on the horse made a perfect whole—a regular modern centaur. "The Bastard and I," Bert put it, "so called because he's not quite a thoroughbred, and I—well, I'm just out of Debrett." And he would laugh cynically.

"One touch of nature—and so we're pals, you see."

And the Bastard was the only creature Bert loved, Bert who had started out on life's race with his hand against every man, and every man putting obstacles in his way, obstacles which Bert had cleared or knocked down.

But the fight had left him grim and cold, with sombre eyes that never softened for man, woman, or child. There was only one oasis in the barren desert of his heart, and that belonged to the Bastard, the Bastard who thought no more of obstacles than his rider.

Stone wall, be it ever so high, nor bullfinch could stop him.

"There's only one bar which he and I can't clear, and that's the bar sinister," Bert once said.

He was a grand figure of a man, with a torso worthy of a Greek athlete, and narrow loins denoting perfect strength, every inch of him virile.

Such was Bert in the glory of his manhood.

And the horse was as perfect a bit of horseflesh as could be found—chestnut, with a coat like satin, up to his weight, being well off for bone, and standing on good legs and feet, with plenty of heart room.

And if the switching tail and glancing white of his eye showed temper—well, he was no lady's fancy or lad's mount, and rider and horse understood one another's little oddities.

In Bert's opinion there wasn't another horse to touch the Bastard.

Bert had managed to strike lucky. Indeed he was looked upon as pretty close on a millionaire. Whereat he used to smile.

"There'll be enough to bury the pair of us," he would observe.

"What a queer chap he is," said his acquaintances.

Some of them thought his affection for the chestnut was a pose, but the Bastard knew different.

One day over in Ireland a man who thought he could claim friendship with Bert, got him to enter for a bit of a steeplechase. Bert was not keen on it. There had been a big fall in the markets, and Bert's millions troubled him.

However, on the day he turned up, he and the Bastard. But there was a peculiar smile on Bert's face as he rode.

"Yes!" he said, in answer to someone, "but it's the race the dead men ride."

"What do you mean, Bert?" asked a man.

"Just that," was the answer.

To look at them, there was not a sign of defeat about either horse or man.

Off they started, the Bastard well to the front—he had been over the sticks too often to trouble about the obstacles, big and awkward as they were.

But they came to a stone wall—the last jump.

They saw Bert drop his bridle hand.

"They're down!" yelled the crowd. "They're down!"

But the Bastard had cleared the wall without touching it, and horse and rider had jumped the life to come together.

"Heart," said the doctor in the case of the man, and for once a vet. and a doctor agreed, for the chestnut's heart too had failed him.

* * * * * * *

In the man's will he left instructions that the chestnut and himself should be buried in the plantation about a mile from his palatial country house.

And a millionaire's last wishes are usually carried out. A stone with "*Hic jacet*" covers the horse and the man.

GILBERT SUTTON.

Our Readers' Opinions.

FRAMING PICTURE POSTCARDS.

At one time it was possible to buy, at a very small cost, simple frames that would take half a dozen cabinet photographs side by side. You screwed them against the wall, and there was a little shelf on top. For picture postcards they were ideal. If the openings left in the mount were a bit too large, you could easily cut out a fresh mount from dark-coloured cardboard.

But it would appear that these frames were not sufficiently profitable to be worth while making, for it is now practically impossible to procure them.

What, therefore, is one to do with postcards that one treasures? To put them in an album and to have them fingered and turned over time and again means that they will get soiled and bent. It is far better to have them framed and put on the wall, for such a plan not only preserves the photographs better, but enables you to have them always before you, and makes your den much more pleasing.

There are two ways of framing picture postcards. One is to take a batch of them to a picture-frame maker, and get him to make a frame specially for them. This costs more than the old ready-made frames, but, seeing that the photographs are to be a wall ornament to you for years and years to come, the cost is scarcely to be grudged.

The other plan is to buy a long common sheet of glass, to cut out a paste board mount and to fix this behind the glass. The mount and the photographs should now be fixed in position with paper securely glued over the edges of the glass, and a border of very dark paper, not brown, should run for about half an inch round the edge of the four sides. The effect of this is quite pleasing and the cost is very small indeed.

ARE YOU LEFT-HANDED?

The man who uses his left hand in preference to his right is by no means uncommon, but unfortunately he is all too often regarded as something of a freak, and his left-handedness is discouraged as far as possible.

That is quite an easy thing to do provided that you catch him young, for the preferential treatment of either hand is very much a matter of habit and training.

As a small boy I was naturally left-handed, but I was soon persuaded, by the offer of an eagerly-coveted watch in the event of success, to acquire the habit of employing my right.

Unfortunately, however, the use of my left hand was discouraged simultaneously, so that instead of becoming to a certain extent ambidextrous, as might easily have been the case, I merely became right-handed instead of left.

Notwithstanding the unpleasant meaning attached by the dictionary to the word "sinister," it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the right hand is not of necessity the right one and the left the wrong. The ideal is rather to attain the use of both impartially, as far as possible.

Natural ambidexterity is certainly decidedly rare, but the weaker hand can be made effective much more easily than some people imagine. As the pianist and the violin player know, it is merely a matter of practice.

In the field of sport, at all events, left-handedness, so far from being a drawback, is often a positive advantage. To a cricket eleven, for instance, a good left-hander is almost worth his weight in gold, while radium would probably have to be employed to estimate the value per stone of really first-class ambidexterity.

The perfect both-hander has not turned up so far at Lord's or the Oval, though I have seen Mr. H. B. Tristram—perhaps the greatest Rugby Union full-back England has yet produced—taking wickets with his left hand in good-class club cricket after having proved quite harmless with his right.

A REAL STEEPLE-CHASE.

A bright, clear, cold, invigorating Saturday afternoon towards the end of September. Scene—Our cross-country headquarters.

About twenty healthy, high-spirited young fellows in various stages of disrobement. An odour of embrocation and other mysterious concoctions, according to the special fad of the user, permeates the room. Rub, pinch, and slap is the order of the moment. The clothes of convention are carefully packed in bundles and carried to a cab waiting outside.

Off it goes with an allowance of ten minutes, on the expiration of which we line up outside in the crisp air.

A few seconds' wait, then—"Are you ready, boys? Go!"

The pace at first is rather hot, but soon settles down to a steady jog, for to-day we are out for fun, and not for "blood."

The outskirts of the town are soon reached and left behind, then the real enjoyment commences. Over a high stone wall, with an unforeseen long drop on the other side, across some stubbly fields, through a ditch, to a high hedge, through which we try in vain to find an opening. We have to run to the far end before one is discovered, which gives the stragglers time to catch up to the leaders.

Through the hole on hands and knees, then over a stile, along a narrow lane we go in Indian file, into a wood with soft springy turf, looking like a prehistoric tribe. After tripping over a few rabbit holes, the occupants of which bound off at a speed we never hope to attain, we emerge at the foot of a long hill. A pause for a "breather." Then up we go. At the top the first fellow up begins to sing "Excelsior."

Down the far side of the hill we rush along a sandy path on to the shore. We line up for the final burst. "Go!" Heavy going this, right up to the local marine lake.

In we go, swimming like otters pursued by hounds. Out on the far side, dripping and breathless, to the intense amazement of the visitors, across the promenade to a hotel on the other side, where a rub down, a sumptuous tea, and a sing-song wind up an eventful day.

BUY A BULLDOG.

The man who is in search of a canine companion, and who has no prepossession in favour of any particular breed, is apt to find himself confronted with a bewildering choice of varieties from which to make his purchase. To such a man I would offer the following piece of advice: Buy a bulldog.

But, it may be objected, surely the bulldog is a surly, unmanageable brute, and not at all the sort of animal to select for a companion and a pal.

There is no fallacy concerning dogs which dies harder than this. It has been exploded over and over again, but over and over again it comes up smiling.

It is largely, no doubt, attributable to the somewhat weird and forbidding appearance of our national dog. But dogs, like men, are not always to be judged by appearances. Beneath the outward show of a particularly fantastic gargoyle the bulldog hides a heart of purest gold.

Surly and bad-tempered, indeed! No milder-mannered and better-tempered creature exists.

A child can play with him, and there could be no better testimonial. The animal that is petted or otherwise by the average small boy not infrequently requires the sweetness of honey coupled with the patience of a Job.

A word of warning in conclusion. Unless you have had a good deal of experience don't attempt to rear a whelp, but buy your bulldog full grown.

Sturdy though he looks, the bulldog has had his stamina considerably impaired by constant in-breeding and other causes. Consequently there is perhaps no dog more delicate and more inclined to give up the ghost for deplorably insufficient reasons than the bull pup.

HARVESTING FOR THE TOWNSMAN.

The majority of farmers are clamouring for extra hands during the harvest period, and the demand is by no means always equal to the supply. There are often ample opportunities for unskilled labour, such as "pitching," which calls for little more than fairly well-developed muscles.

Here is a chance for the townsman who takes his holiday in August or early September, and is not averse from a little strenuous exercise.

But let him beware of attempting to do too much at first unless he is in the very best of training.

Work in the harvest field is not so easy as it looks, and the townsman will be well advised to do no more than an hour or two a day to begin with and to increase the dose gradually.

Thereby all danger of strain will be averted, and he will return to the city refreshed and invigorated with a health-giving and, incidentally, not unremunerative holiday behind him. At the worst he should have succeeded in saving the cost of board and lodging.

There is one draw-back, however, to the pleasantness of life in the harvest field against which he must take precautions. The harvest mite is no respecter of persons. Once you are bitten there is no peace for you until the intruder is expelled, either by the agency of the finger-nail or of a needle.

Washing the legs—the part most commonly attacked—with ordinary strong vinegar will be found an excellent defence. But let the washing be thorough, and do not stop short at the knees, for the harvest bug can climb.

MORE SHAVING TIPS.

Dip your razor blade in hot water before using. This will make it shave much more easily, the reason being that the tiny serrations in the edge are closed up.

If your skin is very tender, shave with cold water instead of hot.

There is no need to imitate the rustic who uses the cover of the Family Bible as a strop. Apart from all considerations of reverence, the ordinary strop of commerce is more effective.

Let an interval of a minute or two elapse between lathering and shaving, so as to give the lather ample time to soften the beard.

Never wash your brush after using. The constant soaking shortens its life considerably. Just allow the soap to dry on it and to stay there till you use it again, and it will last almost twice as long.

Don't grudge the expense of a good razor, safety or otherwise. The cheap one is always dear in the end. Remember, too, that by shaving yourself you are saving a large amount annually in barbers' fees. So you can easily afford to let your shaving materials be of the best.

Always draw the razor over your face with a diagonal motion, and not straight up and down.

If you were cutting anything with a knife—a wooden match, for instance—you would draw the blade along it, instead of merely pressing it against it.

An ideal place to hang your shaving-glass is from the catch of the window, so that the light shines full upon your face.

A CHANCE FOR YOU.

There must be something you can tell your fellow readers—something that would interest them—something new. Put it into a paragraph and send it along; if it needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. Geo. F. Lowes, 70, Devereaux Drive, Seacombe, Cheshire, for "A Real Steeplechase."

A FIELD DAY EPISODE.

KERNAHAN'S ATBARA

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

It was a field day of field days. The King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry had been let loose generally upon the county, to attempt in practice the possible in war, which is in direct opposition to the uses of the old Volunteer Force.

To Colonel Blenkinsop must be given the credit for the idea. It was stupendous, immense! All the Territorial units of Blankshire were in opposition to the Terriers of the neighbouring county of Midshire.

The "far-flung battle line" stretched majestic and khaki-coloured even to the banks of the river that divided the two counties. Consequently the men of Squadron "B," who were concentrated near the river bank were enjoying themselves immensely. There was a taste of the real thing about this, with the infantry doing the solid work, and the cavalry reserved for the purposes of reconnoitring and pursuit of the beaten enemy—if they should be beaten.

It was Kernahan and Co. who, under Sergeant-Major Brighton, most beloved of Sergeant-Majors, were scouring the roads, returning to the base with stealth that would have been a credit to a band of Red Indians.

Now they were gathered in the shade of a grass-grown lane, awaiting further orders, while in the pasture near by Captain Devine held "B" Squadron in reserve.

Beyond this, the River Brer stretched, a broad silver ribbon in the sun, with the crumbling walls of the old castle showing on the other side, in the fair county of Midshire.

Kernahan, mounted on his favourite old war-horse, Peacock, drank all this in delightedly.

"This is gorgeous," he said, rising in his stirrups to get a better view of the country around.

Over the hedge the ground sloped down gradually to the mile distant water's edge—a study in vivid green and the rich brown of the land. Over it all a cooling breeze blew from the south, and the sun shone in the autumn sky.

Sergeant-Major Brighton turned his eye on his most trusted trooper.

"You're enjoying this, Kernahan!" he said severely. "Actually enjoying it!"

"Certainly!"

"Well, it's not allowed under the new regulations, my boy. This is all very serious, young man. Besides, strictly speaking, you're showing yourself unnecessarily, and giving away our position to any of the enemy's scouts who happen to have crossed the river further down."

"Well, why the devil can't we get forward—and *do* something?" said Kernahan, testily. "This waiting business would make me sick if we were really fighting. It's the waiting, I should think, that must take it out of a man."

"Oh, you always want to be going at a gallop!" said the Sergeant-Major. "When you've been a soldier as long as I have then you'll learn that a spell of inaction doesn't hurt. The enemy have not shown on the opposite banks of the river yet. There you can see Devine studying the blessed landscape with his glasses—and devil a sign of a Midshire man, I'll bet my boots!"

"Probably effectin' a nice little landing higher up the river!" said Kernahan irritably. "Oh, yes, they're deep enough, those Midshires, and their Lord Gawd Almighty Colonel is what might be termed hot stuff, if slang was still permitted in the Territorial Army, which, I understand from the mornin' papers, it is *not!*"

"No, but it's funny how you curse and blind generally in battle," said the old Sergeant-Major reminiscently. "That river there might be the Atbara, those little brickmakers' mounds the mud huts, and the old Roman walls Fort Atbara—all barrin' the green, you know.

"We had a few little tin hells round there with the Sirdar's Army that finally captured Khartum. Yes, I was with the Sirdar, and our language under fire was extra, mixed with a few choice Sudanese oaths that, translated, are what the papers would call unprintable.

"Ah, you ought to have been in that little row, Mr. Kernahan! I should like to have had you in my squadron; then you'd have learnt a little about real initiative, which is a thing the average trooper (like yourself) doesn't possess any more than will land them into a hole at the finish."

"Very nearly landed the '21st' in a hole at Omdurman," observed Kernahan pleasantly. "That famous charge, you know, was a thing no tactician could have approved."

Kernahan winked at Stephen.

"For cavalry to charge unbroken infantry of unknown strength, over broken ground, was little short of a bally blunder. If you'd reconnoitred 'em instead of attacking 'em—*I* know; I've read it in a book on cavalry tactics somewhere, Major."

"Then it's time they shut up the Board schools," said Sergeant-Major Brighton, sarcastically. Above all things Kernahan prided himself on his old public school.

A long-drawn whistle, repeated twice, sounded from the pasture where "B" squadron were posted. Now Captain Devine had long since reduced his system of whistle commands to a perfect machine.

"Rejoin main body!" the Sergeant-Major hissed.

Captain Devine's scouts in half sections trotted down the grassy lane, and, the Sergeant-Major and Kernahan leading, cleared a gap from the lane into the pasture, and, according to instructions, took up their places with their squadron.

Far over to the right, signalling flags waved, and Trooper Stephen logged the message.

"*News of enemy concentrating on Bardsley Bridge. Squadron to move to Bardsley Common.*"

"That's where the Fifth Battalion have got to, you can bet," said Trooper Kernahan, when the order was given to form sections.

"And you can bet we shall soon drop across the cyclists, looking pretty sweaty," observed Trooper Carteret, grasping his reins yet more firmly.

"To say nothing of Sergeant Gibson retailing a few tall stories of forty mile spurts," said Stephen. "Come up, old hoss!"

"Can-*ter!*" the Sergeant-Major's voice rang out, an echo to the Captain's command, and the squadron in faultless formation clattered off down the wide and dusty main road until the daisy-carpeted Bardsley Common was reached. Then——

"Right wheel into line. Gallop!"

It was a beautiful sight. "B" Squadron prides itself on its smartness at all such evolutions. They swung round beautifully over the ample ground, Kernahan light and easy of bearing, Stephen smiling, and Carteret trying to look as if he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Kernahan had long since given up all hope of making a finished horseman out of his one-time recruit, Trooper Cartaret.

At the gallop they formed sections to take the road, and finally formed troop, with Kernahan as a centre guide, and Sergeant Hall leading, ahead of the line.

Bardsley Common stretches, a patch of rugged open country in the heart of the cultivated land. Now, in the sun, it was alive with men in khaki—in troops, companies, and battalions, taking up positions on the warrens and ridges that looked on the distant river. The Blankshire Army was arriving from all quarters by the main roads.

"B" Squadron halted by a sign-post set in the heart of the common, and the troops wheeled into line again.

"Good as play," said Kernahan, as he took up his "dressing."

By his side the happy-go-lucky Sergeant Hall took occasion to mop his brow.

"Too blinkin' energetic," he said.

"You're a nice troop leader!" said Stephen, sarcastically.

In front of them, Sergeant-Major Brighton, bestriding a "bit of blood," was endeavouring to educate his mount to the requirements of the British Army's orders to halt.

"Your war horse is a bit too spirited," said Kernahan. "Kids himself he's doin' the giddy Omdurman and Atbara touch, eh?"

"Horses hired for a dollar a day haven't got such a fertile imagination as yours, Mr. Kernahan," snapped the Sergeant-Major.

"Ah, that's it—give it him, Major!"

A familiar voice sounded just behind Kernahan. The trooper turned in his saddle, only to find Sergeant Gibson, of the Brermouth Cyclists, dismounted and smiling, waving a dispatch.

"I'm a sort of extra special dispatch rider today," he said. "Where's your Captain?"

"Where are your boys?" asked Kernahan, rather anxiously.

"Oh, sharing the honours of war properly. Most of our lot have crossed the river by Bardsley Bridge. Where do you get to now, boy, eh? You're still in the home county with the bloomin' infantry. But where's Devine?"

"On that hillock with the glasses. But Charles——"

"Hullo!"

"What's in that little dispatch?"

"Between ourselves, it means about half of you riding to support the infantry at the Bridge. The rest'll be left here. 'G' and 'H' Companies are entrenched commandin' the range of the river. Our lot are doin' a bit of cautious scoutin' in the enemy's territory. If the way is clear, there'll be a general advance all along the line, *with* the cavalry in reserve!" Sergeant Gibson ended with a laugh.

"'B' Squadron looks like being a bit out of it," he went on, "but I must give this to Devine. Ta, ta!"

Kernahan watched his military rival hand the despatch to the Captain.

"Cheeky youth, Mr. Gibson," observed the old Sergeant-Major hotly.

"That's the worst of these Cyclist corps," said Kernahan. "They make their sergeants sort of amateur field-marshals in their own estimation."

"And they tried to keep us out of it at Atbara," said the Sergeant-Major, as if speaking his thoughts only to himself. "They tried to keep *us* out of it at the Battle of the Atbara!"

"Did they, by George!" said Kernahan, encouragingly.

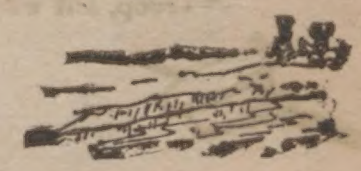
"Yes—*my* squadron. We'd a few men crocked, you know. But we waited until the Cameroons, Macdonalds, and Maxwells had rolled on. Then we managed to come in at the finish—effectively too—and chased Osman Digna's lot over the river. It was unofficial, and highly to our discredit, had it come out, boy. The Sirdar stood no old buck, and——"

"You're in for a spree," said Sergeant Gibson, returning suddenly.

"Eh?" said Kernahan.

But Gibson, mounting his bicycle, was off again speedily along the white main road.

"What does he mean, I wonder," said Trooper Kernahan.



They did not have to wait long for the meaning of Gibson's little observation. Captain Devine, taking half the squadron, rode off, with the men in section formation, towards the Bardsley Bridge.

Sergeant-Major Brighton was left in command of the remainder—and Kernahan, one of these, cursed softly.

"Look here, Major," he said, "we shall have to repeat that Atbara River trick of yours. This is too much of a crow for Gibson, thanks!"

Some way over the common the gallant Fifth Battalion were on the move, and all the line of khaki was going forward cautiously, but in line—just as a ruler might move across a blank sheet.

And Kernahan, swearing to himself, proceeded in line with the rest, at an ordered walk.

Along the main road a cloud of dust showed, and Sergeant-Major Brighton turned his grey eye over the common.

"A motor-car!" he said.

"And a couple of old buffers in it!" observed Kernahan.

Two minutes later he was sadly aware of his error. There is no precedent for terming even Generals of the two biggest Territorial commands "old buffers."

Sergeant-Major Brighton, as the car drew up, called a halt.

"How many men here, Sergeant-Major?" a grey-moustached gentleman queried.

"Four troops, Sir."

"Very good. You will remain in reserve until the others have crossed the bridge. Then, should they press their advantage, you will come on on the left flank at the charge."

The car started off again, and Kernahan's face lit up into a joyous smile.

"We've got old Gibson by the short hairs, 'Major!" he said. "It's left to you, you see, and we can conduct our own bally little war in our own tin-pot way. That is how *I* read General Praed-Skeffington's remarks."

The Sergeant-Major looked at Kernahan.

"Thank heaven," he observed feelingly, "that you don't hold a commission in the King's Own!"

"You'd be on the carpet for unheard-of audacity twenty times a year," said Sergeant Hall. "Hullo," he broke off suddenly—"what's going forward?"

Over the broad green of Bardsley Common the infantry had broken into the double—a thin line of khaki—shouting, with rifles at the carry.

"Good gad!" exclaimed the Sergeant-Major, as the troop came on at a hard canter. "The Midshires have got command of the river from the other side—look here!"

He pointed over the Brer that sparkled in the sun. The rising ground beyond was peopled with the Midshire Ninth Battalion of infantry taking up a position.

"Phew! This looks like a big smack against us," said Kernahan, "and I hardly thought they could have made the river by this time. Didn't I tell you they were hot stuff?"

"That doesn't help us," said the Sergeant-Major, gloomily. "Now, at the Atbara, when Osman Digna's lot were over the river, we—er——"

"Go on!" Kernahan shouted, encouragingly, spurring his horse and riding flagrantly out of his section.

"Well, we didn't stop for the river," the old Sergeant-Major answered.

"By the rules, these devils must nab us all at the bridge crossing—unless—Oh, my Godfathers, they've done it, too! Game's ours, I tell you!"

The Ninth Battalion, it was clear, were relinquishing their position, to concentrate all possible force on Bardsley Bridge.

For a moment there was hesitation writ large on the Sergeant-Major's face. Then Kernahan leaned forward in his saddle.

"Make it—Atbara!" he said.

"Atbara it is!"

The Sergeant-Major grasped his reins lightly but firmly.

"Now for it!" he cried over his shoulder to Kernahan.

"Troop, left wheel into line—can*ter!*"

The infantry, who were attempting to do the distance over the common to the bridge in record time, had no leisure to trouble about its reserve force.

Over the Common the bugles were singing out the advance, and the line of infantry started forward—just like that ruler over a sheet again. Up a low ridge they moved.

Then came a shout:

"The Midshires have crossed the Bridge—crossed the Bridge!"

It was all such deadly earnest—with the sound of firing far beyond the furze bushes of the common.

Forward and forward, with the long grasses swishing about them, rode Sergeant-Major Brighton's squadron.

"Make for the ford!" shouted Kernahan, who possessed a deep knowledge of the country. "Right incline a bit there, you chaps!" he shouted, turning round in the saddle.

The Sergeant-Major left the lead to his right-hand man. He confirmed the command. The leading troop were composed mainly of Kernahan's own Tenth Legion—the sports.

"What's the ruddy game, Kerny?" asked Stephen.

"The ford," said Kernahan. "We cross by the ford, and double up their rear—savvy?"

"Absolutely! Pass that along, Carteret. We cross the Brer by the ford!"

A cheer came from the men as the intelligence was flung from one troop to the other.

The old Sergeant-Major's lips were set. For him it was the battle of the Atbara over again.

On the opposite bank there was now no sign of Midshires. It was a clear, heaven-sent way.

Advancing by half-sections at the trot, the squadron drew near to the ford of the river Brer.

With much splashing, Kernahan and Stephen were the first to take the watery way. The squadron generally went at it, laughing, and unheedful of soaked puttees.

They formed troop again on the other side of the river.

"Now!" said the Sergeant-Major, between clenched teeth. The line of yellow and blue started forward, trot, canter—

"Gallop!" the Sergeant-Major sang out.

In faultless formation they took the rising slope, and there was joy, pure joy, on Kernahan's face.

"Dished Gibson, by gad!" he cried. "Dished old Gibson and the Brermouth Cyclists after all!"

"Hooray!" yelled Stephen; and Carteret, hanging on for dear life, smiled back at his friends.

Then there was catastrophe—of the direst.

"Trapped, by thunder!" said the Sergeant-Major suddenly.

The ridge beyond broke out into one clatter and spurt of blank firing. Riding in close formation, there was no chance, no excuse whatever.

Then, that nothing might be lacking in their humiliation, there rose up against the skyline on the ridge the form of General Praed-Skeffington.

"All out of action!" he yelled. "And, by gad, Sergeant-Major, what foolery is this? Charging unbroken infantry of unknown strength over broken ground. Good gad, sir, it was suicide—rank suicide!"

"And that," added the Sergeant-Major, later, to Kernahan, "was your bally Atbara."

"And damn near *your* Waterloo!" said Kernahan.

Sadly enough the half squadron turned towards the town of Brermouth, defeated, broken, and very damp men.

THE THINGS YOU WANT.

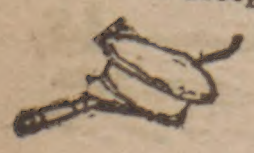
There are many of them, as you well know, and you don't want to wait for them. You feel that you need them now.

What are they?

You yourself best know that, but we can tell you how to get them at a fair price within your present means.

Look for them in our Readers' Sale and Exchange columns on the third page of the cover. If they are not there, advertise for them.

You will get them, and at the price you want to pay.



WHEN A MAN IS FITTEST.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS WHEN HE THINKS HE IS.

It is a very difficult thing indeed for a man to watch his own progress with any degree of accuracy. This holds good of sport and of work, which are, or ought to be, the two main divisions of every fit young man's life.

It may be argued that a man should know more about himself than anyone else, and it is true that with respect to some purely personal matters he does. But no man can watch himself with that detachment and that disinterested candour which are necessary if the resulting conclusion is to be accurate. In such cases men are more than likely to come to the conclusion that they think they ought to come to, quite apart from the question whether it is a well-founded one.

Men have thought themselves fit as a fiddle when they were on the verge of a breakdown, and they have considered themselves weak and useless when they were in reality as robust as any stalled ox.

There are doubtless exceptions, but as a rule a man's companions and his friends are far better judges of his physical fitness or weakness. They can watch the change that is gradually worked in a man by a course of special training in any one of the athletic pursuits to which healthy manhood is given. And they can see, quite easily, the gradual weakening of a man's muscular vigour. These changes come about in the man himself so gradually that he cannot watch their progress. His mind keeps pace with them, in their upward or downward course.

For this reason a man should not disregard the casual criticisms or remarks of his fellow athletes. A word let fall in ordinary conversation should often be sufficient to warn a man that he is losing his high fitness, or on the other hand it might encourage him to stick to his sport or his training, which in the opinion of his friends is making him fit.

To be in the pink of condition is every man's ambition. When does he reach nearest to this ideal?

It may be thought that the period that immediately follows a long course of special training is the time of highest fitness, but this is not by any means necessarily the case.

Most forms of special training are rather apt to cultivate some athletic faculties, not, perhaps, at the expense of others, but at the risk of leaving others to take care of themselves. There are various forms of training that are designed to give their due share of work to every muscle and sinew of the body. By following such a course, a man may succeed in perfecting his physical frame, and yet I hold that he will not on this alone reach the highest efficiency.

The ideal method is to follow special training with all-round general exercise, which is not designed to be training—exercise that a man normally undergoes, for instance, during his annual holiday.

Many a man is just now returning to work after a good time somewhere. If these men could be tested now it would be found that at the end of their holiday—just when, remember, they are all complaining that they are unfit for work and feel too slack for special exertion—they are as fit as ever they will be.

A man does not, as a rule, give up holidays to training. He does everything and anything that comes along—rowing, cricket, tennis, cycling, walking, running, riding, jumping, and a score of other pleasant things of the same kind. He does them from sheer light-heartedness. Now it is just this full and spontaneous use of the body that, so to speak, puts a finishing touch on the previous training and knits the various highly trained muscles and limbs into one ordered frame.

And so it is that a man is at his finest and fittest on the morning when he returns to the office browned, well set up, and full of life and sparkle, and is hardly recognisable as the pale and stooping weed that went away two or three weeks previously. A man is fittest on the day he returns from his holiday. But he doesn't always think so!

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., *Ch.M.*

CAMPING FOR WEEK-ENDS ONLY

A SUGGESTION FOR OUT DOOR MEN.

I do not propose to deal in this article with the best way of camping out, for the matter has been thoroughly explained by various writers in THE MODERN MAN. My object rather is to indicate the principles of this method of living and to show how it may be enjoyed by hardy spirits even after the holiday season is over.

Perhaps my best argument is to attempt to describe the week-end life led by myself and some of my friends.

It was last year that we made up our minds about it. We had been camping up the river for our fortnight's holiday in August, and we liked it so much that we started to hunt about for ways and means by which the pleasures of camping might be enjoyed, intermittently, even after we had returned to work.

We had hired a punt for the fortnight and it had been our habit to move from place to place and to sleep in the punt beneath the usual awning, but we saw that this system could not be followed for week-ends.

OUR CAMPING GROUND.

We did not own a punt, and to hire one each week would have cost more than we could afford. We therefore applied to a boat-builder, who has a small field close to the riverside, and we arranged with him that for half a crown a week he would let us camp in a corner of his field whenever we wanted to do so, and to store our tent and other camping gear in one of his sheds when we did not require them.

We have found the scheme to work out splendidly, and many a glorious time have we had and enjoyed.

The place where we go is not very far from London, and we can get a third-class workman's ticket well under a shilling.

Sometimes we make very long week-ends of it, travelling up and down to town each day like business men from their country seat. But more often we content ourselves with the cost of railway travelling and journey out to our camp on Saturday afternoons, returning back to town in the early hours of Monday morning in time for work at nine as usual.

THOROUGH WATER DOGS.

Occasionally, when funds run to it, we hire a punt or a skiff, and then we are in our element, for we are thorough water-dogs; but none of us is by any means blessed with superfluous wealth, and more often we do without the boat altogether, contenting ourselves with swimming and fishing.

These, however, are not our only recreations. We have a rare old sing-song every evening, for one of the party is jolly good at the banjo.

Sometimes we leave the tent—for the boat-builder is never far away, and we can do so in safety—and set off for a long walk, getting back to our camp as tired as you like and ready for bed, even if the heavy riverside air has not already sufficed us for a nightcap.

There is something very attractive about retiring after a long tramp to a tent in the open instead of coming home to an ordinary stuffy London boarding-house. You get under the canvas and there is nothing to make you sigh at the thought of the walk being finished, for, to use an Irishism, you are still enjoying outdoor life even when you are indoors.

Some have pitied us during wet week-ends, but we have never pitied ourselves.

We are not very poetical minded, but there is something nice about watching the rain splashing on the surface of the river while we sit smoking and chatting or playing cards, snug and dry beneath our tent.

The inside of our tent never gets wet, for we are old campaigners, and take the precaution to pitch it on a bit of slightly rising ground and to protect ourselves with a little trench round about.

Do not suppose, however, that we keep under cover all the time on a wet day.

Many a sprint have we had up and down the banks in bathing costumes, for one of the charms of a wet day on the river is that it is deserted, or almost so, and you can please yourself what you do.

ANIMAL SPIRITS.

The animal man rises supreme within you—that is the way we put it—but some say we carry on like kids. Anyhow, we enjoy life for a bit.

Some time during the day we get on mackintoshes and, arm-in-arm, singing a bit or whistling, we tramp along the towpath, over the bridge, and visit the next village. Then, after a little mild refreshment, we wend our way through the darkening lanes and home once more.

I am mentioning these things because I want to show that tent life, even in wet weather, is by no means without its attractions, and therefore it is quite on the cards for autumn, and even winter—that is, of course, if you have a good, sound constitution, for I should not like to think that I was inducing any man who has a tendency to rheumatism or a weak chest to take up this mode of life.

AUTUMN UNDER CANVAS.

But even in autumn and winter days it is not always raining. Often you get a spell of bright sunshine, even if you do not have much heat.

Then is the time to bask on the bank and criticise—to one another, of course, and not to the victim—the style of every oarsman who passes.

Then is the time when one of us who possesses a camera is victimised into snapping us in all conceivable poses. Each of us has a lively collection of such mementos, and they are not all of the type that would be approved by Mrs. Grundy.

The pity of it is that none of us can write—and least of all the present scribe—so that it is difficult to give the reader any idea of our many pleasures; but if enough has been suggested to make you interested, you should get in touch with some fellows who run such a camp as ours, and you should put in an hour or two with them.

The experience will prove better than any argument of mine that week-end camping sets free all the spirits that a man has bottled up within him, and makes him feel just prime.

W. COBBOLD.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Unless this paper had received the practical support of a large proportion of its readers, it would never have lived. We knew at the outset that we should have this support and we have not been disappointed, but we can still very well do with some more help. Here is the way to give it to us.

In the course of your conversation just mention something that you have read in the paper, and tell your friends that you saw it in THE MODERN MAN. After their curiosity has been aroused lend them a copy of the paper, There is no need to praise it; if they like it, they will buy it.

DEAR OLD SCOTLAND.

With all her faults, she is my country still.—
CHURCHILL.

He was not singing the song; he was merely standing at the end of the piano, turning the music for the girl who was singing to her own accompaniment. But upon his face there was considerably more expression than on that of the singer.

"It's oh! but I'm longing for my ain folk,
Though they be but lowly, poor and plain folk—"

The words ended at the bottom of a page, and as he turned the leaf, something very like a tear showed at the corner of his eye.

"I am far across the sea,
But my heart will ever be
At hame in dear old Scotland wi' my ain folk."

The man's eyes were now turned down to the piano keys, and he was swallowing something. The song went on through its several verses, till finally it reached the concluding chorus:

"I am far across the sea,
But at hame I soon will be
At hame in dear old Scotland wi' my ain folk."

The girl strummed out the last chords of the song, smiling to those in the room who offered her the customary thanks, and making the usual apology about her voice not being in condition.

The man folded the music and laid it down upon a chair at the end of the piano, for all this afforded him some little time to regain command of his feelings. When he turned to the company, he smiled broadly and rather inanely, for he would not have had anyone believe that the song had touched him.

He is not the only Scotchman whom I have observed when that song has been sung. I have been with Englishmen as they joined in a rousing chorus about the "red, white, and blue"—a chorus equal in all respects to the simple melody I have quoted—but their sentiment found its satisfaction in a shout and a cheer when the song was over.

There was with them none of this silent dissimulation so evident in the case of the Scotchman. He would no more have dreamt of shouting than he would have dreamt of shedding the tear that was brimming upon his eyelashes. He was moved intensely, but he would not show it. The extent of his emotion, so far as the unobservant could perceive, was the inane smile to which he treated the company.

What is the fascination of Scotland? Is it the mists that hang about her mountain tops? Is it the bloom upon the heather when the setting sun catches it in the peace of a Sunday evening? Is it the rosy cheeks of her maidens or the heartiness of her men?

Who shall ever say? Certainly the riddle will not be solved by a Southerner like myself, and I doubt whether any Scotchman can give an explanation. But that Scotland holds a perpetual bond of sympathy rather than of duty towards her sons, is a fact that will be admitted by any student of men and things.

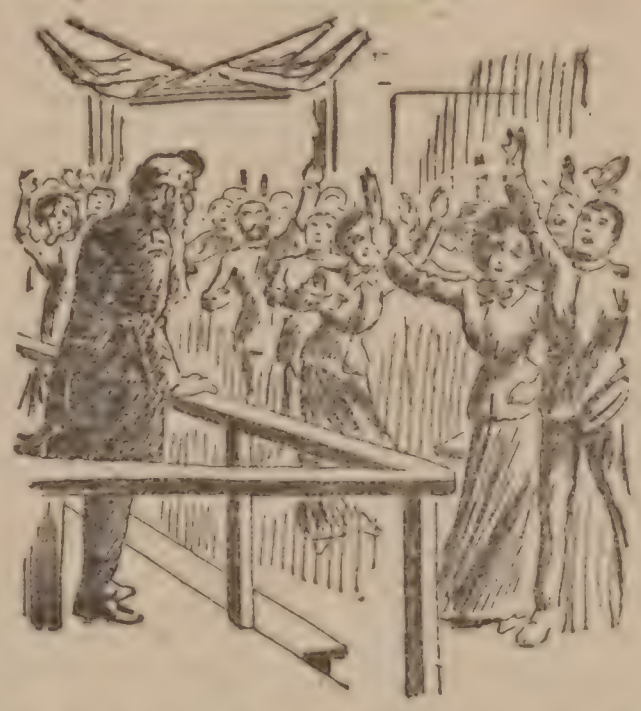
A Scotchman will travel abroad or to England, seeking richer shores in order to find scope for his commercial talents. He is the most adaptable man on earth. Admittedly he is the finest colonist the world produces, for he fits himself to whatever circumstances surround him. He even praises the country in which he is resident, generally emphasising its good points and leading you to believe that he likes it better than his native land.

But he is deceiving you.

The Scotchman's love for his country is like a man's love for a sweetheart—he never speaks about it, nor can you persuade him to confess it. But deep down in his heart it lives—lives to his dying hour; and dominating his thoughts throughout his life and in all his business transactions, is the hope that he may one day return to Scotland, or, at the least, that he may be buried there and may go, in body if not in soul—"Back to dear old Scotland and my ain folk." R. J. GORING.

WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

XXVIII. THE SALVATION ARMY MEETING.



The great hall is already packed, but still the red-jerseyed men, the blue-frocked, poke-bonnetted women, keep pouring in. It seems impossible that they could find room, but they achieve the impossible, as they often achieve it in their work.

Remarkable men these; there is an old "lag," he may have been regenerated, but the prison and criminal stamp is still on him. What a face; a gargoyle hewn out of granite, greyish-yellow granite, seamed and lined, the face of an evil man.

A REFORMED CHARACTER.

Perhaps the old thief never had a chance from the start, perhaps he was foredoomed to crime. But, though the leopard cannot change its spots, and the prison taint is still on him, he looks pretty contented, and he is almost painfully clean. That gnarled neck of his looks as if it had been sand-papered, and he is redolent of soap.

There a youth, all heart and eyes. An enthusiast, bent on putting this old world of ours to rights—and in a jiffey. Well, well, my lad, you have got a mighty long and tough row to hoe, and your heart and your hands will be blistered and bleeding long before you finish, but enthusiasm is a precious quality.

The majority of the men are middle-aged men, and common men. Common men, yet with something, an indefinable yet impressive something about them that lifts them out of the ruck.

Were you to ask them what transfigures their rather ordinary clay, they would probably tell you the Spirit of God, and probably they would be right. Anyway, though you may meet a smug-faced hypocrite or two amongst them, these men are, for the most part, men—vital, virile men, straight-backed men, men who walk like free men, men who have a glint in their eyes.

THE WOMEN.

There are women too. There the repentant Magdalene, whose beauty, the beauty that was her snare, even the unbecoming frock and awful bonnet cannot conceal—indeed, they seem to enhance it by very force of contrast.

There are some terrible faces among the women, faces that haunt you, faces of tamed viragoes, of aged and horrible sinners. There are cruel faces, too, the hard countenances of hard, thin-lipped, unsmiling women. I hope that God has really got them, but sometimes I doubt it. Can even He soften the stony heart of a shrew?

And there are young girls, painfully young to renounce all the pomps and vanities of the world, cruelly young to face the sights that they do face, to go where they do go, to have to minister to the lowest and most depraved of their sex. But they look happy.

A hush falls on the vast assembly. The already groaning penitents hold their peace, and every face is turned upwards, every eye focussed on the platform.

There is a crash of brass, a slight commotion on the platform, and then the "General" is up. You mayn't like his methods, you may even revile him weekly for disturbing your Sunday afternoon nap, but you can't help admiring the old gentleman when you see him.

A grand figure, a manly figure, straight as a dart for all his years, bright and piercing of eye, jolly as a schoolboy. He radiates humanity and content. General Booth may be right or wrong in his methods, but he certainly believes in himself and his Maker, and that is the secret of a man's happiness and power.

With his appearance comes the welcome, for it is a welcome home to the "General" that I am describing, and I shall never forget having seen it.

The great audience—or should I say, congregation?—sways like a field of corn swept by the wind, roar after roar thunders forth, handkerchiefs, caps, cloaks are waved in the air, and waved again; already some are sobbing violently, tears of joy running down their cheeks, overcome by excess of emotion at the mere sight of their leader. Then at a signal there roll forth the deep impressive notes of the "Old Hundredth," and then once more the storm of welcome breaks and surges up to the rafters.

Say what you like about the "General"—you are entitled to your opinion—but a man who can command such devotion is a man among men.

SPLENDID STAGE MANAGEMENT.

I do not propose to follow this Salvation Army meeting further, but what struck me about it was the clever way in which it was stage-managed—I do not use that term disrespectfully—the business-like celerity and perfection of its arrangements, and above all, its heartiness.

There is no getting away from it, these men are in deadly earnest, and they take their coats off to that devil who is such a very real personage to them. Earnestness is a vivifying quality, and they have it; some perhaps in excess, but that is a pardonable fault.

If you have never been to a big Salvation Army meeting, take my tip and go. You will see types of humanity that you never even so much as dreamt of, faces far more interesting than any novel, men and women who are primitive and very much alive.

And, converted or not, you will come away strengthened, heartened, bucked-up. There is an invigorating electricity about a great Salvation Army meeting, It is as good as a week-end at the seaside—and not nearly so expensive.

PETER GILCHRIST.

BITLESS BRIDLES.

An experiment is now about to be tried in the hunting field, riding a horse to hounds without a bit. The experimenter is a well-known sportsman and cavalry officer.

He claims that with what he calls a nose net he can control a horse as he can with a bit, but he admits that the horses that he is going to ride are all horses that have been broken and trained without bits.

He is determined that if the nose net works all right he will next experiment with a simple leather nose band.

It is difficult to say whether one wishes him luck or not, for there seems comparatively little purpose in his experiments, but they are nevertheless of some interest to horsemen.

Let us trust that he will not share the fate of poor Tom Freake, who was killed in the hunting field while riding a horse with a bitless bridle.

Presumably the purpose of all such experiments is to save the horse from the supposed discomfort of having a piece of steel in his mouth; but to abolish the bit seems to be carrying humanitarianism to absurd lengths, for a suitable bit does not hurt a horse and is the best means of guiding him.

DUSK.

A COUNTRY IMPRESSION.

Our little village is the merest speck of life on the winding highway that hums in solitude for many miles through a wooded and always pastoral country. We are just an eye that is usually more than half closed in drowsiness except at early morning, when we are up in good time, for the countryman is the slave of his cattle and his horses, and, whoever else goes unfed, these must not be neglected.

Our day is a busy but a silent one, for while our men are scattered in all directions into the fields and woods in a wide radius, the women folk have no time for gossip. The back gardens are gay with white clothes that belly out in the wind as a challenge to the squeamish mock modesty of the passing townsman in car or on cycle.

It is at dusk that we begin to stir visibly and audibly. The day's work is done, and with the sinking sun our village eyes grow accustomed to the failing light, and we come out to sit about and smoke and take our glass at home or at the "Wheatsheaf." We are the human counterpart of the multitude of bats that have their dormitory in the porch of the church, where by day they may be heard squeaking for the night to come, and for the surfeit of flies that the night brings them.

In one direction the road takes a long direct stride, as if in the course of ages it had straightened itself out on suddenly realising the importance of its mission, and in an honest endeavour to make amends for its previous meanderings and deviations. From the opposite direction it creeps into our midst rather like a spying, crawling thing that hardly dares to show its face, and many's the collision or the narrow escape that men awheel have had with horse and car and cycle and trap.

Both the sudden entry and the straight departure of the road have their advantages, and lend their interest to our even lives. Whatever comes around the hidden end is unexpected, and demands our curiosity and comment, and by the time these are aroused, indulged and exhausted the cause has sped into the dimness at the far end of the opposite and straighter stretch.

But dusk is here, and with it the hour or two we hold sacred to lounging and desultory chatter, and the refreshment of our work-dried bodies, and the pipe of peace.

The tinkle of a cyclist's bell is sufficient to set us all agog with expectation. The little jolting lamp appears, then we make out the form of the rider, the muffled whirr of the wheels in the dust passes by, and he is gone.

In the deeper silence he has left behind we wait the next interruption of our solitude. In far away comes a dull throbbing—metallic, hasty, but regular and powerful—growing louder each second, until, with a sudden, rapid, banging noise the motor cyclist tears along like some express scattering our dogs in all directions.

Still we sit on, determined not to be driven from our entertainment by the settling dust. Some of us do not take this visitation amiss, for the lights are beginning to shine from the windows, and we can hear down the "street" the growing hum of conversation at the "Wheatsheaf," and many a footfall echoes from the cobbles that line the small courtyard in front of it. There is only one good cure for dust, and Landlord Harris sells that at fairly reasonable rates in spite of Budgets.

Once inside the bar parlour, we are safe from the stifling clouds the passing motors raise as they flash past with their great glaring goggle lamps spying out the path a hundred yards ahead.

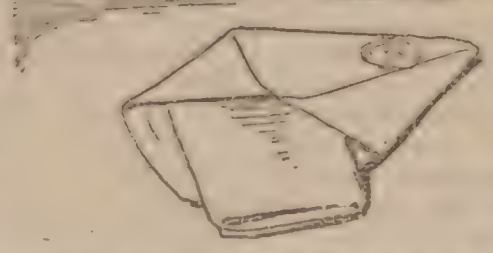
We dislike their dust, but we should miss the cars were they to cease from using our road. In the late evening they bring with them out of the darkness a thousand suggestive speculations, and they carry us with them in thought far on the way, linking us up, as it were, with interests we beyond our little circle of reality.

Dusk has given place to darkness and the cottages stand white and silent, haunted by the bats and owls.

A. R. ROWELL.

An open letter to employers.

A MESSAGE THAT WILL FIND A RESPONSIVE NOTE IN MANY A HEART.



GENTLEMEN,—Pardon us if we put it quite bluntly at the outset and declare to you that you do not know how to treat us. When we say "us" we wish you to understand that we mean the vast multitude of subordinate workers who, at countless desks and in countless capacities, bear the burden and heat of every day.

We hasten to add that it is not on the question of salary that we now address you—though we are confident that even on that subject we could, if we chose, raise up an unanswerable case for an all-round increase—so do not plead a pressing appointment, but give us the few moments we ask, for we have many serious complaints to make against you, and have sought this collective method because of its anonymity and greater safety.

WHERE YOU FIND FAULT.

For a long time past we have heard your complaints about us. You have stated that we are indifferent to your interests; you have declared that we are too ready to leave our work —your work—at the moment the clock points to closing time; you say that we show only a mechanical interest in our duties; in short that we care not a straw for the permanent interests of your houses, and only give such service as will justify us in claiming our pecuniary reward at the end of every week or month. Our one object, you say, is to get through—many of you say muddle through—our work as quickly as possible, and to follow our own devices and desires as much as we can.

Now to all these serious accusations the great majority of us are quite ready to plead guilty. We do find our work very monotonous; We *do* get through it in what seems to us the least irksome way; and we *are* heartily glad when the hour comes for us to go home, or at any rate to leave your business houses. Permanent interest in your concerns *is*, as you declare, almost non-existent. So far, then, we are in complete but unfortunate agreement.

Bear with us a little longer, put aside your sweeping condemnation of the slackness of the modern young man, and we will show you why, as things are at present, it is folly on your part to expect anything like devoted service from us.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

Of late years you have kept very, very much aloof from us. You have turned over the work of directing and managing your great houses to deputies, while you are devoting your energies to distinction in other spheres, chiefly social. Now it should be plain to you that your representatives, being employees like ourselves, must stand or fall by results and by results alone, and cash results, at that. It is not their business (as it used to be your pleasure) to gather together a staff which should grow with the firm's growth, and that should come gradually to regard the firm's business with something akin to real affection. No, there is no time for such comparatively slow, but effective, methods to-day. Instead, your deputies expect to find ready-made efficient workers who will come in at a moment's notice and take up their places with the same silent monotony as rear-rank soldiers fill the places of fallen comrades in the front rank. If we or any one of us fails to show immediate efficiency, there is only one course—what you call dismissal and what we call "the sack." This "sack," indeed, is apparently the one weapon of which modern employers or their deputies have any knowledge. To-day, when a cog in the great wheels of commerce shows the slightest imperfection, there is no attempt to bring it by treatment into conformity with the rest: it is ruthlessly cut out and a new one inserted. The direct result of this is that our one aim is to become mechanical "infallibilities," if we may coin a word, for that is the only quality demanded of us. One slip, and down comes the sword! For discipline and efficiency must be maintained, forsooth, and, having thus taken the sword from its sheath, you express surprise when we adopt the only possible method to parry your thrusts.

You are usually regarded by the outside world as men whose judgment of others and whose knowledge of human nature have enabled you to rise to be kings of commerce, but in reality you are daily neglecting one of the most valuable assets you have. This is our second point, then, that you have forgotten that we are human, and, being human, are all the better for a little personal encouragement and appreciation now and then.

We are not babies who keep asking "Am I a good boy?" We do not expect you to pass through your offices every hour patting us on the head, and dropping sweets into our mouths, but we are human beings, and are pleased and even delighted at any sign of appreciation that our employers show us.

An encouraging word from an employer comes as the juicy sultana in the arid waste of the scone, which we often have for lunch.

HIGH PRAISE.

We all have known employers who have treated us as though a word of appreciation were the most dangerous thing they could give us. One of us worked for a man for five years and the nearest approach to a word of praise he ever heard was this, about a certain piece of work: "Well, I've nothing to say against that," high praise, wasn't it? And so encouraging!

We could give you hundreds of examples if we desired. If you reply that we are paid our salaries regularly, we can retort that we are giving working value for money, and are therefore quits.

We must not detain you much longer, but there is just one more point on which we have a grievance against you. All of you profess the liveliest interest in our leisure interests—our athletic, literary, scientific, and purely recreative pursuits. But what does this interest really amount to? You subscribe your guineas. Thank you for them. But they are not missed by you, and it causes you no inconvenience to give them.

Once a year you attend our smoking concert, or dinner, or supper and "sing-song," and you make a speech, in which you refer to the great value of such gatherings, to their use in fostering *esprit de corps*, and other pleasant qualities. But we hardly believe that you are sincere, because about half-way through the evening you vacate the chair and speak of that very important meeting you must attend, and with our forced cheers ringing in your ears, off you go. And we see nothing of you at our recreations for another twelvemonth.

ARE WE MACHINES?

We have a suspicion that if you really meant what you said you would give up an occasional Saturday afternoon to come amongst us at our games, and you might even look in at the office now and then unexpectedly and say a word or two to us on something outside our ledgers and note books.

To sum up the matter, you have given us the impression that you care little for us apart from the gain we help to bring you. We are out of touch, terribly, almost tragically so, and we both know it.

You are giving us, and we are giving you, just what the letter of our respective bargains indicates, and no more. It is sad, but we think you are largely, even chiefly, to blame.

We are, gentlemen, yours faithfully (much more faithfully than you ever dreamed of, if only you knew how to treat us),

A THOUSAND-AND-ONE EMPLOYEES.

OUR SAFETY VALVE.

WHAT SPORT DOES FOR US.

Not many months ago a large number of well-meaning but completely misguided and short-sighted people were declaring that England was going rapidly to the dogs, or the devil, and that the direct road thither was through any and every sport.

They said that a sort of sport-rot had set in in the characters of Britons, much as foot-rot gets hold of sheep.

They were mightily wrong, as we all know who look beyond our noses, and they were wrong in every one of their arguments. They said that Englishmen thought of nothing else but sport. But was there ever a time when business was so highly specialised or so keen?

They said that we exhausted ourselves with games and left ourselves washed-out when the time for work arrived. But it was clear that these critics were the people who lie in soft beds until late in the morning or they would have seen Englishmen going to business as full of keenness as they are when going to sport.

They said—well they said a variety of stupid things that are not worth answering here, and too often they said them from pulpits and other protected places where sportsmen could not answer them.

The chief fact that they all missed when busy condemning sport and the sportsman, was a very important one indeed for England. That is one reason why they missed it. It lies hidden just below the surface, and it escaped the notice of all these acute critics of our times and doings. Put briefly, this point is that sport is the great safety-valve of the British race.

The Britisher goes in for sport heart and soul because he wants to let off steam.

Just look round the world at other countries. You will find that in most of them robust sports are only now just beginning to be popular. Almost all foreigners can play tin whistles and diabolo—they are regular devils at it—but these and similar exhausting accomplishments are about all they know or care for.

They are much fonder of lounging about the streets of their towns and villages, idling their leisure hours away, and unconsciously letting their blood get overheated. The consequence is they are roused to a choleric fury on very slight provocation, and, having no manly sports in which they can let out the accumulated energy, they turn to the knife and the pistol, and cut and shoot with just the same energy as we indulge in sport.

The result is the same in the end for us both; only the means are often disastrous for the foreigner.

This lack of sporting opportunity among foreigners leads directly to such little incidents as the Barcelona rioting, the French revolutions, and the Turkish massacres. There is nothing for the people to do but lie about and accumulate grievances, and, when the chance arrives, to vent their overstrained passions on each other in bloody deeds.

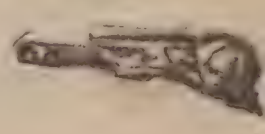
It is Nature's way of finding a way out for its accumulated strength and virulence; but it would be much better that this strength should find its way out as in the English, in a stream of enthusiasm for sport rather than in volcanic outbursts of venomous butchery of each other.

The case needs but little argument. The facts are there. Let any large number of Englishmen be forcibly restrained from regular and robust sport, and we should see much the same results here as in the most sportless land.

Sport keeps the Englishman moving about in the open air, and this is the finest training any man could have. It gives him broad views, physically and mentally, and helps him to see the proportion in all things—makes a man of him, in short.

England owes far more to the people's habits of sport indulgence, regular and often, than she has ever admitted or realised. So here's to British sport in any and every shape, and as much of it as possible.

E. PHILIP JAMES.



A TENDER COMEDY.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By C. MARTIN GAPP.

The announcement that a new warehouse for Digby's, Ltd., was to be built in the spring caused quite a commotion among the inhabitants of Linchester.

There would be work for hundreds of people, and when the building was finished there would be an increased number of operatives, requiring increased house room, causing increased trade and increased—everything.

Linchester smacked its lips. The news was to its taste.

There was only one local builder who stood a chance of securing the contract, and he was greatly in fear of an outsider obtaining it by quoting a lower price, for tenders were invited the week following the announcement.

Daniel Grinley, though somewhat countrified, was a man of experience, fairly shrewd at a bargain, popular with his workmen, and had always secured the lion's share of local contracts.

But he was timid of competition from firms outside his own usual sphere of operations, and this nervousness somewhat lowered the standard of action, and to win he was now prepared to do what he would not otherwise have done.

He was rather sullen in humour, except when a penchant for gin-and-gingerbeer (in improper relations as to quantity) raised a gleam in his beady eyes and set loose his tongue.

On such occasions—and they were more frequent than they ought to have been—Daniel became jovial company, albeit with a tendency to dogmatise.

But one evening his jollity suddenly stopped, for there entered the saloon bar a certain Mr. R. A. M. Johnson, junior partner in a big firm of London builders.

He did not know Grinley except by repute, but Grinley knew "Ram" Johnson, as he called him, by sight, and when the London man had had his drink, the Linchester builder went home to think.

Evidently there was going to be a keen fight for the contract.

Next day other strangers appeared on the scene, and at the end of a week the whispers were to the effect that Grinley stood a good chance, being a local builder, and Johnson's firm came next, being smart in execution and low in quotation.

Godfrey Digby, J.P., had always favoured local labour, and, as the warehouse and factory were to be his property, the betting was mostly in Grinley's favour; and yet rumour was busy to the effect that Mr. Digby would not spend more money than was necessary, even to please Linchester, for German competition had been troubling him sorely. This made Johnson's chance all the stronger.

"Ram" Johnson had been a builder's clerk, who, by uncommon shrewdness in detecting openings for new business, had become his master's right hand, ultimately securing a partnership.

He had come to Linchester with a twofold object: to get the figures for Grinley's tender and to secure the contract for his firm by underquoting.

In the space of twenty-four hours he had secured as aide-de-camp the one-time confidential clerk of Daniel Grinley, a certain Tim Scott, who had been discharged for falsifying an invoice.

Tim was plied with money; told to frequent the saloon bar of the Royal George; catch Grinley when gin-and-gingerbeer had done their work; flatter him; obtain the figures of his tender and bring them to Johnson, who would suitably reward him.

With two sovereigns in his hip pocket Tim walked towards the Royal George, turning over in his mind the tactics and strategy of the coming skirmish; for he had made up his mind that his quondam master would not easily part with information.

The saloon bar was buzzing with talkative men when he entered and ordered a whisky-and-soda.

Sitting down at a small table near Grinley, he hailed him heartily, but respectfully, and opened out on the weather.

Grinley eyed him curiously.

"The weather's all right, young man. Neither of us can alter it."

Tim cast about for another opening.

"Going to the Ebenezer Bazaar in the Town Hall?"

"Yes."

Tim pulled at his whisky-and-soda.

"I hear a London lady palmist is telling fortunes at the Bazaar. Do you believe in palmistry?"

Grinley drank from his glass, but did not reply.

"I've a proposition to make," said Grinley suddenly. "Go and show your palm to the lady in the Bazaar after lunch to-day, and let me know what she says. Some of 'em are 'cute, real 'cute. Mind, I'll give you half a quid. 'Ere!" And the coin joined the others in the hip pocket.

Tim's tongue now wagged in the greatest good humour.

Money was flowing in, and there was more to follow.

Still, he had work to do for "Ram" Johnson, and he began the attack once more.

"*When* is the last day for the Digby tenders?"

"Next Friday."

"And yours is already in?"

"Yes."

"You'll get it, of course?"

"Don't know. There's 'Ram' Johnson, for instance. My figure is £10,000. He'll probably do it for less."

Tim Scott almost clapped his hands. He had won easily.

Eight pounds more from Johnson for obtaining this precious information.

He itched to get away with the good news, and involuntarily stood up.

"Yes, go and show your palm to the lady," urged Grinley, "and come to my office at six o'clock and tell me what she says." His eyes twinkled, and no sooner was Tim outside than Grinley walked rapidly to his office and began again the calculations of the tender he had never sent in.

Tim had a startling experience at the Bazaar.

The lady palmist occupied a dark corner of the big hall set off by screens hung with weird drawings and charts.

Placing his hands, palms upwards, on a cushion, she looked at them a long time through a magnifying glass, chatting meanwhile about things in Linchester and taking the measure of him from what he said in reply to her questions.

Then the "reading" began.

It was one of those readings which occasionally hit off character and events to a nicety.

"You had a reverse in business some years ago," she said.

"Don't I know it," muttered Tim.

By skilful half-questions she managed to make up a good deal of his past, and when she remarked quite casually that he was in love with a fair woman, not his wife, Tim felt very uncomfortable.

The lady was getting uncanny.

"Lucky shot," she grinned, as her client departed.

Without waiting for 6 p.m., he interrupted Grinley at his office.

Hastily cramming some figures under a ledger, the builder opened the door of his private room.

"Back so soon?"

"Yes. I tell you that lady's a treat. There's nothing she doesn't know. Why, she told me——." He stopped.

"What did she tell you?" said the other, with a grin, for news of the fair lady was travelling fast.

"Well, everything; just everything. You go yourself and see."

"All right. I'll show her my paws to-morrow. I'm busy now. But" (here he whispered in Tim's ear) "get 'Ram' Johnson to go and see her. She'll get his figures out of him. Haven't sent in mine yet. Spoof, what I told you."

Tim was so angry, he felt like knocking the builder down. His visions of wealth were swept away in a moment, and he would have to go back to Johnson and confess his failure.

"Look sharp, now!" snapped Grinley, in old-time manner, as Tim stood irresolute. "A quid if you pull it off."

"Not likely," muttered Tim to himself, as he turned away.

In two minutes he was closeted with "Ram" Johnson, and together they began to hatch a new plot.

They decided that the only course to pursue was to forestall Grinley's interview with the palmist and bribe her to obtain his figures by the exercise of a feminine tongue. But they were too late, for no sooner had Tim left Grinley than that individual went off post haste to the Bazaar and was soon alone with the reader of hands and faces.

He unfolded his plans to her, described Johnson minutely, told her all he knew, what he wanted to know, especially about the tender, placed a £5 note in an envelope, and secured the lady's grateful promise to do all she could to help him.

Towards evening Johnson came, and, of course, unfolded similar plans respecting Grinley, who, he was said, would be consulting her to-morrow.

He had stated his price was £10,000, but this was now believed to be a blind. She must find out of him his real price. There was £5 for her now and £5 more if successful.

She wanted to smile, but she was an expert adventuress, and pocketed the money with avidity, giving most emphatic assurance of her determination to see the plot through.

The two competitors waited next day in vain for the note she had promised to both. They began to fume.

Johnson sent Tim round to the Bazaar to reconnoitre. He returned with the dismal news that the Deacons had, after an exciting meeting, decided on religious grounds to close the "performance" in palmistry.

The lady, for good reasons, was not averse from this speedy solution, and skipped away before breakfast—no one knew where.

Reluctantly compelled to be honest against their will, both builders sent in their tenders without knowing each other's figures.

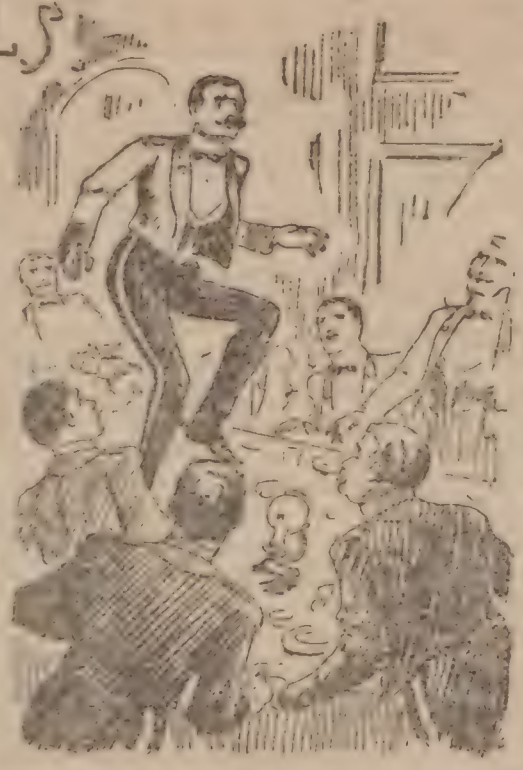
Then the crash came. Godfrey Digby, J.P., failed for a quarter of a million.

There would now be no new warehouse and factory, and Linchester felt like going into mourning, whilst Grinley cursed the day he was born.

Tim Scott eloped with the fair lady. "Ram" Johnson returned to London to look for new business; and the lady palmist was clapped into prison at Brighton for illegal fortune-telling.

"Aye," said a man in the Royal George, as he looked at Grinley's vacant chair; "Dan'l didn't score that time. In fact, none of 'em did. That's how the world wags."

OFF THE RAILS



SOME STORIES OF ECCENTRICITY IN THE SERVICE.

If it be true that "great minds ... madness are allied," the ... Army then is rich in ... intellects.

... way, eccentric characters ... by no means rare in the ... service, and one of the ... cunning I ever met was ... -oh, billy-oh," so called ... reply to almost any ... was "Right-oh, billy-...

... matter whether he ... ed to lead a forlorn ... in action, or to pass the ... he replied "Right-oh, ..." and when he came ... married, and the padre ... him the question, "Wilt ... have this woman to thy ... wife?" there floated down to the ears ... the scandalised congregation the stentorian ... "Right-oh, billy-oh?"

... oh, billy-oh" at one time became a ... and it fell to his duty to move a ... from one station to another.

THE GOT THE TRAIN.

... journey was to be made by rail, and ... ate indeed were "Right-oh, billy-oh's" ... tions. He was determined to beat all en... records, and to this end he made ingenious ... The regiment was to arrive at a certain ... and form on the platform in line six deep, ... the rails, each section of six having its place ... for it on the platform at suitable intervals. ... a signal the train was to steam in, and at ... another bugle blast carriage doors were simultaneously to be opened, and at a third signal the men were to entrain.

The regiment duly arrived and formed up on its ... alk marks, and then the signal went for the ...

... the train came not.

... -oh, billy-oh" had been so taken up ... alk marks and other details that he had ... forgotten to order the train, and an exceed... regiment sweated back to barracks—... of a small Indian station—while a ... telegraphed for from the terminus.

... in tropical climates, of course, often ... brains, and I remember one poor ... as the result of sunstroke, was liable to ... that he was a rooster.

... any warning he would jump up on a ... and start hopping round, flapping his arms ... crowing for all he was worth. As this often ... happened at mess, the damage to the crockery ... considerable, and the only way to quiet him ... to get a little Indian corn in a tin and rattle ... when he would hop off the table, and usually ... gain his senses. This, I may say, happened in ... West Indies, where many strange things do ... happen.

RELIGION AND THE SOLDIER.

... men often "get religion" late in life, with ... ar results. I remember one who used ... ly to preach at street corners, and another ... was an Esoteric Buddhist, whatever that may ... Anyway, he used to go about carrying an ... Buddhist Bible, and eventually he arrived ... a stage of transcendency that he thought ... fly, and tried to from the battlements of ... castle where we were stationed. He fell ... first, broke most of the bones in his ... and lost all faith in Buddha.

... men, too, often make very eccentric ... There was Blank, a subaltern of ... two or so, who once returned from leave ... with him a spouse who was fifty if she ... a day, could never at any time have been ... remarkably good looking, and did not bring ... a penny piece of dower.

... they arrived, as there were no quarters available for them, they sought temporary lodging at the local hotel. The lady was of a managing disposition, and so she went forward to the clerk to order the rooms. "Yes, madam," said the clerk, "you can have number 54, and as perhaps you would like to have your *son* near you, we will put him in number 55."

Mean to the point of madness was Colonel Dash. He used literally to steal tea, coffee, and other things from the mess for consumption at home—he was a married man—and if we gave an entertainment he would decline to subscribe, but none the less would turn up as a guest.

VINOUS PROPRIETY.

Gazing too long and lovingly upon the wine when it is red, is, of course, responsible for many temporary aberrations.

I remember dining at a Colonial Government House when another officer present did himself all too well. Eventually we adjourned to the drawing-room where it so happened there was a beautiful statue of Venus. The vinous one perceived it, and lurching unsteadily towards it he thus addressed Venus in reproachful tones: "Mos' improper. Shurprised at you, madam. Mush put a stopsh to it." And then he up with his fist and hit the lady an almighty and most ungallant crack on the nose, knocking her off her pedestal and into several pieces.

"HIC—MAY I—HIC—PLEASURE—DANCE."

It was another officer from the same corps—they came precious near being disbanded—who went up to a fair damsel at a dance, said "Hic-may I-hic-pleasure-dance," and then fell flat on his face, in which position he remained.

As I close, I recall one more Army madman, and that was the dangerous lunatic who on the banks of the Tugela, when the ground was swept with a fearful storm of death, ordered his brigade to "dress on markers," a barrack-square movement, the object of which is to get troops into a perfectly straight line, accurately dressed from either flank.

"CHINSTRAP."

MUFTI FOR TERRITORIALS.

The ardent Territorial feels that his civilian clothes are not nearly so smartly cut as his uniform. The realisation of this fact, and a hint which I received from a Leicestershire reader, led to my co-operation with Captain Saunders in the devising of a suit specially designed for Territorials.

It is nothing of the freaky variety, but is simply a fashionable lounge suit with a few modifications that appeal very strongly to myself and that will, I hope, appeal to my readers also.

I realised that I must also have the co-operation of some reputable tailor, and I therefore approached Messrs. Ellis concerning the matter. As they have made clothes for the King, little more need be said as to their ability.

In a matter like this it is necessary to consider the thing from every point of view, and I saw at once that the publicity which will be given to the firm of Messrs. Ellis would be worth a good deal.

I pointed this out to them, and eventually succeeded in obtaining for my readers a reduction of ten shillings on each suit. This will be saved by the reader, and the suit will be in quality and finish equal to, if not superior than, those which this same firm is producing at £2 10s.

I hope you will appreciate the trouble I have taken in this matter. Anyhow, have a look at page 18, where you will find a sketch of the suit and a description of it.

YOUR EDITOR.

GARDEN PLEASURES.

AN ARTICLE FOR THE ENTHUSIASTIC AMATEUR.

All the year round there is no shortage of interest, occupation, and observation for the man who takes up gardening as one of his hobbies.

Its duties bring him so constantly into contact with Nature in so many aspects and so many moods that no hour of the year presents exactly the same circumstances and needs as another. Season and weather and herb and flower keep him constantly supplied with fresh interests.

For the most part he is fully occupied at all times, for it is a favourite commonplace of his that the fruition of summer and autumn are the results of labour and care expended at the opposite ends of the year. He who would have a fine show of fruit, flowers or vegetables in their several seasons, must not stand idle when the time is not yet for their due appearance.

But of all the hours and seasons that the amateur gardener spends among his favourite productions, that of the time of ripeness must surely appeal to him with a greater attraction than any other. He will delight in preparing his ground, he will sow and tend, and protect, and train with diligent enjoyment through spring, and he will watch the many miracles of growth through summer with an ever-increasing feeling of anticipation of the fruition of his labour.

Unconsciously he will work for the harvest of his trouble, and though the work is in itself to him a source of infinite pleasure, yet the distant climax of ripeness and achievement is always before his mind's eye.

When all that labour can perform has been done, when every device that anxious ingenuity can contrive has been put into operation, when all has been set and prepared, and the anxious hours when only observation can have play, and all his schemes are in the hands of Nature, to be worked out to ultimate success or to failure, he stands by somewhat helpless.

He knows that interference is the worst of crimes when once his ground is covered and his garden set. And then comes the result of all this solicitude and labour.

The flowers flash their colours over all the earth, the trees begin to droop their boughs from sheer weight of fruit, the vegetables climb inches every day, their blossoms dropping and their fruit pods swelling to fulness. He begins to feel a conscious pride in his handiwork, and shows his garden to all who care to see it. To him it is the result of infinite care.

With his pipe alight, his day's work done, in some comfortable, easy clothes and without a hat, he walks in and out of the narrow, well-trodden paths between the beds, leisurely pulling at a weed here and there, stooping to this flower and reaching to that tree, with the sense of success beginning to glow within him.

Here are things he may do with as he will, and as he snips off a handful of his flowers in the course of an evening's quiet rambling to and fro, he has the first delicious proofs of the fruition towards which he has been steadily moving throughout the year.

He is very near to earth and its simplicity and mystery. He handles the swelling pods of beans and peas with a tenderness and a thrill that might be supposed to belong only to the touch of a lover.

From every ripe and ripening branch and stem there rises an incense that makes its strong appeal to all that is mystic within him. There is a luscious freshness, too, about everything that grows, and this also makes its appeal through the senses of appetite and taste and smell. He has both the intellectual delight and the physical gratification of having worked with all the unfathomable forces of Nature to produce all that is delightful to the mind, and satisfying to his physical senses and needs. And though, like a sensible man, he is not in the habit of raving about these inexpressible impressions that he derives from his ripening garden, he will admit that they form no small part of the actual pleasures of gardening.

M. BRUCE.

OUR FIGHTING PARSON.

A SKETCH.

He's every inch a man, though he does wear a clerical collar and has a charge of souls. But he's a man first and a parson afterwards.

And he looks after the bodies of men as well as their souls.

He has got a grip on the men and youths of his parish such as was never possible to his predecessors, good and saintly men as no doubt they were.

He's not afraid of anything, whether it's speaking his mind or using his fists. He doesn't know the meaning of fear, and never funked a duty in his life.

And they are a mighty rough lot down in that quarter, I can tell you. Before his advent, the only man who could go into some of the courts and alleys without being molested was the doctor. Now there are two men who don't require police protection—the other's the Parson.

When he first came into the district, the roughs declared they wanted no preaching cove coming among them, and a brickbat was flung at him one day.

It struck him, too, and drew blood!

What did he do? Went for the chap who threw it, and knocked him down—a bigger man, mind you, and double his weight.

That began his popularity. But what clinched it was his stand-up fight with the Smasher, the terror of the neighbourhood—a pug of renown.

It was professional *versus* amateur, and the Parson was a pretty object to behold at the end of the fifth round.

But he hadn't been the best boxer of his year at Cambridge for nothing, and he beat the Smasher. They chaired him for that; but, what's more, he tamed the Smasher.

He always says that the first sermon he preached was on his fingers—that was the only language they understood.

Now he's got the best organised men's club anywhere. "You've got to make lads physically clean first," he says, "the rest will follow."

He's built a gym. worth seeing. It's the show place down there.

It is not his preaching, though he's got the gift of oratory in no mean degree; it's the living that counts. And it isn't the Parson, but the man they admire. It's the "Come on" they respond to rather than the old-fashioned formula of "Come in."

He's good all round, and game to the bone, and he knows all about men's little weaknesses, and when to be deaf and blind.

Though he's a celibate himself from choice, the women have to thank him often for making the men better husbands. He has infused hope and interests into sordid lives—that's it.

You cannot make model slums—that would require a miracle to be worked, and the Parson is only a man.

But they are cleaner, wholesomer and purer for his coming.

And now he's a 'ero!!

Bless you, he don't mind about the absence of the aspirate. Why should he?

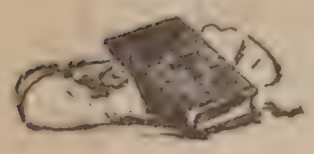
It was all because of that fire which broke out in a wretched tenement whose rent goes to swell the income of some millionaire.

It happened in a narrow alley, into which the fire-engine and escape couldn't be got, and there was a woman and an infant in a room on one of the top floors.

They were doomed to certain destruction, for the place was like matchwood, and the fire well under way.

The Parson organised a relief party, but he did the almost impossible feat himself. He got them out, both of them—the child crowing and clapping his hands at the bright flames, which pretty nearly served the Parson and him for a chariot like that which took the Hebrew Prophet up to Heaven. He's a 'ero.

A. M. STEWART.



MY NOTEBOOK.

COURAGE. A reader in the North of England—I am not going to give the name of his town in case he should be identified—sent me a week ago rather a remarkable letter.

"I have awakened to the horrible realisation," he said, "of the fact that I am a coward.

"The other day I was out with my young lady, and we were walking through a field when a cow came dashing towards us. I threw my girl behind me—none too gently, I am afraid—and advanced towards the cow, waving my arms and shouting. The cow turned and the danger was past, but I found that I was trembling with fright.

"The farmer afterwards told us that the cow had gone mad with the heat."

MY REPLY. I wrote to this reader pointing out the fact that the brave man is not he who never experiences fear, but he who, though afraid, forces himself to face the danger. By acting as he did, my friend proved himself to be a man of much courage. There are many men, alas! who under these circumstances would have bolted and left the girl to face the danger alone.

I mentioned these things when I wrote to him because I wanted him to get back his self-esteem. He is obviously a real good chap, and it is a great pity that he should suffer from self-contempt when there is no cause for it.

To my letter he sent a long reply, part of which I shall reproduce, as it reveals an interesting aspect of masculine character.

HOW HE TOOK IT. "I am in receipt of your very welcome letter," he says, "but I must say that I think you have written in that strain to cheer me up a bit, for I tell you, who have probably never experienced it, that a man feels awfully despondent when his conscience keeps on telling him that he is a coward.

"I have always been given to understand that a brave man knows no fear, and that it is only craven hearts which turn sick and faint at the sight of danger. And then again there was the trembling after the danger was past. Hang it all, old man, I really might have been a bit of a schoolgirl instead of a man of twenty-eight.

"I don't want you to waste your time over a bit of an ass like me, as I know you are an exceedingly busy man, so you need not reply to this letter unless you really want to do so.

"You see, I feel such an old pal of yours that I could not help confiding in you about my sorry plight, and I am glad to think that you have not treated me with derision. In fact, I knew you would not do so; that is why I told you all about it."

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US. He goes on to say some further things which are very pleasant reading to myself, but which are of rather too intimate a character to be reproduced. I have replied to his second letter and I can assure you that I have done my very best to convince him of his error in supposing that he is a coward.

For my own part it is very difficult for me to put myself in the place of a man of this type, for as I think I have mentioned before, I am not of the sensitive type, but am more than half brute. At the same time, I imagine that he will find some comfort from my letters, for, though I can scarcely profess to understand him completely, the whole of my sympathy is nevertheless with him.

ONE OF MY FRIENDS. Courage is an astonishing thing. I recently had a very striking example of it in my own business. One of my authors—again I shall mention no names—is a man who lacks what many would term physical courage, and yet he has pluck of another type in a very marked degree.

We are personal friends. We met originally in a purely business way, but we have much in common, and a friendship which I value extremely has grown up between us. The first time that I discovered my friend's lack of what might be called brute courage was once when we were out riding together.

We were going along at a nice easy canter side by side. Occasionally my knee would touch his, but it never amounted to a collision. Then, all of a sudden, my horse began to get playful at the sight of a motor-car which had broken down by the roadside. He swung round a little, and touched the hindquarters of my friend's horse.

My friend confessed to me that he positively shook when the impact occurred. What he should do with he himself did not know. It could scarcely have been fear, for he is a man who values his life lightly, and is always game for any sort of sport, no matter whether there is present an element of danger or not. He is a long way from being a coward, but he lacks the brutal absence of nerves that makes such an incident a matter for no more than a passing laugh to such men as myself.

I have had several opportunities of observing the pluck of this particular writer, but recently I was favoured with an outstanding instance of it.

QUIET PLUCK. He had promised me a contribution on a certain date. I had decided to insert it in a certain number. On the morning when it ought to have reached my office it failed to appear, but in its place was a telegram saying that he was too ill to work at it, having suddenly been prostrated by a sort of nervous breakdown.

I wired back to him telling him not to put himself to inconvenience and assuring him that I could use something else. On the following day there lay on my desk the contribution, with a note in which he informed me that he had turned it out in spite of feeling extremely unfit, because he thought that I might really be requiring it in spite of my assurance that I could wait.

I was none too well pleased that he had acted as he had done, for I feared that the contribution would fall short of his usual standard, and would show some signs of the pain which he was suffering. It did not. I read that contribution as I went home in the train, and for the one and only time in my life I passed my station.

I got off at the next one and caught a train back without very much trouble, but I do not think I have ever paid a greater compliment to the work of a writer than this. A thing that can absorb my attention so strongly, has indeed to be extra special, and this was.

But the chief point is his marvellous and admirable pluck. In order not to disappoint me, he turned out work that was not only equal to his usual standard, but was better than anything he had so far produced—and he did it all the while suffering from extreme illness.

It is little instances of pluck like this that make the man who is courageous in merely a physical way seem petty and insignificant.

WHEN WE MET. It is not often that I am off colour, but when there is anything the matter with me I am knocked of a heap for the time being.

Don't suppose I give in, because I don't. I force myself through my work as usual, but I knock off everything except what you might call routine stuff. Anything that needs special attention has either to be dealt with by my assistants or postponed till I am well again. That is why I admire a man who can write—and write brilliantly and refreshingly when he is ill. I admire him because I couldn't do it myself. I haven't the pluck.

It put me off my grub for a bit when I heard of my friend's illness, for I like him very much and I was anxious about him. But when next we met—after he was well again—neither of us made much fuss about it. "All right now?" I asked. "Yes," he said. "I'm fit."

Nothing more.

It's always like that with pals.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE POPULAR MAN.

I. THE IDEAL COMPANION.

A score of different types spring up in the mind when one thinks of popular men. There is such an infinite variety of mankind, and all of it has certain qualities that catch the mind's eye and fascinate the imagination, that it is rather difficult to say exactly what constitutes popularity.

It may even be said that all men are equally popular when sport is their common object, and indeed this seems true up to a point. But there are just a few men who stand out above their fellows as undeniably popular in a special and exclusive way.

Such a man I have in mind—the really popular man whom to know is to grow extremely fond of. But the strange thing is that when I come to ask myself what is the secret of his popularity, I can no more say this or that or the other than I can recollect the colour of his tie.

He simply pervades one's thoughts as a modest, ever-ready, always cheerful, though never oppressively "bright" fellow, with whom it would be a pleasure to go through the toughest times as well as through the merriest.

There was a popular song once the rage that had for its refrain, if not the actual words, then certainly the spirit, contained in these lines:

It isn't what he says; nor yet what he does;
It's his nice quiet way of doing it.

That was the idea—"the nice quiet way of doing it"—which gives the best impression of my friend. He has done many things nicely and quietly, and had I not been the man for whom he did them I should never have known of his exploits.

Not long ago in one of our rambles in search of amusement and casual sport, I found myself in an awkward position. I was making an uneven fight against a burly great bully who seemed to think that I, being some five inches shorter than he, was an admirable subject for his special attention, and I was manœuvring not only to get my blow in first, but to get it in on a vital spot. This was rather a tough matter as my reach was short and my opponent's long. Though the prospect did not daunt me, I clearly saw that I was the one who would go down first.

Then up came L——.

"Here," he said quietly, and with the tone and command of a man who meant to be obeyed, "come off there and fight me."

He swung the fellow round by the sleeve. Whack! In a second a lightning blow had found its way on to the lout's face and he sprawled.

"That's right, now hit me while I'm down," he whined from the road.

"Get up!" replied L—— with all the self-possession of a judge.

The fellow got up and wanted to continue the little affair. Thump! Down he went again. And there we left him, while I sought to show how much I appreciated L——'s timely interference. He waved all this aside, however, and never once alluded to it.

A few days afterwards, while we were spending the few remaining minutes of daylight at the club before dinner, I told the whole story of my deliverance to the others. The savage, who, by the way, was a well-known blackguard in the neighbourhood. The other fellows, having heard my story, naturally sought L——, who was somewhere or other in the offing, smoking quietly and waiting for me. He was overwhelmed with congratulations and everybody spoke warmly of his action. He alone remained unaffectedly surprised.

"Well," he said, "I couldn't see H—— damaged."

That was all. No embroidery, no elaborate explanation of how he did it; but just a simple statement that he couldn't see a friend badly handled without doing a little to help. That "nice, quiet way of doing it" went to the hearts of us all. The incident may serve to give a clue to the character of one type of man, at any rate, who is universally popular.

G. C. HAMILTON.

VENGEANCE.

The burglar searched the room of the betting man thoroughly, but could find nothing more valuable than a collar-stud.

"Hang him!" he muttered, "I'll get some satisfaction out of him, anyhow."

So he set the alarm clock for the hour of three, and silently departed.

ALL HE WANTED.

"My daughter," said the fond parent, "can never be yours, sir."

"Please," said the young man, "don't waste time telling me the obvious. You remind me of the back page of Lord Northcliffe's weeklies. I don't want her to be my daughter. I only want her to be my wife."

GETTING INFORMATION.

Here is a way to tell a woman's age. Ask her when she thinks a woman ought to marry. She always replies, "Certainly not before ———." The blank is filled in with whatever her age may be.

THE GREY MARE.

The man with the spectacles and the long hair, who was fond of probing into everybody's business, was poking about the village, noting a great many facts that didn't matter to anybody.

He was going through the village church, reading all the brass tablets, and so on and so forth, when presently the sexton, with a view to tips, hove alongside.

"Your vicar, I believe," said the stranger, "is a Cambridge wrangler."

"I know nowt o' that," replied the sexton, "but his missus is. You ought to hear her sometimes!"

THE ONLY CASUALTY.

This story ought to have a lot of foreign words in it, for local colour, but we have left them out, because our fountain-pen always scratches when we ask it to write foreign words.

"Was anybody hurt in the d..el?" asked the English visitor of the French buck who liked potting other people with bullets.

"Yes," replied our ally. "One of the seconds fell out of a tree into which he had climbed for safety. He ricked his back a bit. Every picture tells a story."

You see the result of the entente cordiale. (Our fountain-pen behaved itself there, for this once.)

NO CHARGE MADE.

"I'd give £10 to be out of this!" exclaimed the nervous fare, when the horse attached to his hansom bolted.

"Hold your tongue, man!" replied the Scotch cabby. "Dinna waste yer money. Ye'll be oot for naething in a meenit."

TOWN CYCLING AT NIGHT.

A NOVEL RECREATION FOR THE MAN WITH A BIKE.

I have discovered a novelty in the way of cycling which may appeal to others. It does not cost anything, so you might as well give it a trial.

This is how I found it.

I had arranged one evening to go for a cycling run with a friend, and had promised to call round at his digs at seven for him. When I got there his landlady told me that he had not yet come back from his office, and instead of going in to wait I had a quiet cruise round on my own.

I got back at half-past seven, supposing that by this time he would have returned, and would have had time to get into knickerbockers, but there was still no sign of him.

Again I mounted my machine and cycled round about the town. It was eight o'clock when I visited his digs for the third time that evening, to find a letter waiting me from him. It appeared that he had been kept at the office and would not be home till ten.

I considered it was now too late to have a run in the country as I had intended, and so I thought I would have one more spin just about the streets before going home.

I found that journey so pleasant, however, that instead of cutting it short and turning in early, I spent as much time over it as I should have done if I had gone out into the country.

Cycling about the streets, even in a town which you know as well as I do ours, is a good deal more attractive than you would think.

Our town is a seaport and when I got down to the docks they were just turning on the white arc lamps that show the steamers how to get in. I had seen these same docks many times, but it had always been in the daylight, and when my mind was occupied with business. Everything then had seemed commonplace and ordinary, but now there was a kind of glamour about the whole place. There was no coal dust flying round, and none of the accustomed bustle and fuss. Everything was quiet and picturesque, and as interesting as any bit of country scenery you could find.

There was an element of mystery and romance about it, too, that could not fail to appeal to a man with the faintest spark of imagination.

I have never observed a similar charm in the place during the day.

As I rode round about the docks another fact came home to me, and that was the skill necessary for town riding. There are lines sunk for the railway trucks running right round the harbour, and they are just wide enough to take your tyre, rim and all. To avoid getting into difficulties with these lines demands a considerable amount of skill, and I think that this gives an added interest to cycling, and makes it more of a sport.

The need for skill was further impressed on me when I left the harbour and went down the High Street. I had often negotiated traffic during the day, but I found it was a very different matter at night.

In cycling through traffic as in shooting, the great thing is to be able to judge distance, and this is not easy when all you see of an approaching vehicle is its lights. But I did not want it to be easy. The difficulty and the sport of the thing appealed to me very strongly.

I came down to the market square, and stopped for a while to listen to the cheapjacks. Here again was novelty and entertainment. I had never thought them worth while visiting in the ordinary way, for getting down there means at least a quarter of an hour's walk, but it is quite a different matter to jump off your bike for five minutes and mount again.

Undoubtedly an evening's run through the town is not so good for you as a run into the country, for you do not get the fresh air. But where it is a question of a town run or none at all, I should certainly advise you to just give the town run a trial. The pleasures of it depend on your local circumstances, but you will find it, I guarantee, enjoyable.

J. B. WESTROP.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE COLOUR OF CLOTHING.

Most men wear lighter clothes in summer than in winter. But I wonder how many could say why they do so. Probably the only reason they know of is that the tailor, who knows his business, always makes his summer suits of stuff that is light in colour as well as light of texture.

But the colour itself really has much to do with the warmth or coolness of the fabric, and should be taken into account by all who have any regard for their bodily health.

The light of the sun is generally recognised as being in some measure necessary to health, but its heat is not always equally desirable. At times it may be better that it should be excluded from, or at others that it should be admitted to, the body.

White fabrics transmit the light of the sun when they are exposed to its rays, while they reflect the heat, and therefore white or light-coloured clothing is the coolest and healthiest in hot weather, quite apart from any question of texture.

Black, on the other hand, radiates the heat, while it absorbs or acts as a barrier to the light. Black is therefore the hottest and most uncomfortable colour to wear when the sun's rays are at all powerful; and it is also the most unhealthy, for it deprives the body of the light which is so necessary to its welfare, as is beginning to be more fully realised in these days of light cures and open air treatment.

The same is true in varying degrees of the colours which lie between black and white, and the colour of one's garments is not a point that should be decided solely with a view to appearance, and entirely apart from considerations of temperature.

And the principle holds good of surroundings as well as clothing. The physical and mental effects of colour are strangely intermixed.

The prevailing colour of a room, or even of a district or country, can have a very pronounced effect on the health and mental condition of one who remains long in it without a change.

Blue is cool and soothing, so to a great extent is green—as Nature seems to have realised. Red is inspiring, vivifying, the colour of blood.

The subject is an extremely interesting one, and I fear I have been carried a little outside my immediate province, but the value of colour in clothing is a subject which the physical culturist will do well to think over.

FOR THE BICEPS AND ARM MUSCLES.

This is a slight variant of a very common and simple exercise. It may, of course, be performed with dumb-bells if you are in the habit of using them, but their place may be taken simply by a pair of corks, or they may be dispensed with altogether.

A simple arm-developer.

Stand erect with the arms dropped to the sides. Clench the fists, and tense all the arm muscles.

Now twist the arms round until the backs of the hands are turned to the rear.

Raise the arms alternately from the elbow, keeping the upper arm perfectly rigid.

The forearm must be raised as high as possible, until it is pressed hard against the biceps, and care must be taken that the muscles are kept tensed, and the fists tightly clenched throughout.

HELPING THE DIGESTION.

We have most of us been told over and over again that we ought to rest after a hearty meal in order to give our digestion a chance, but very few of us can find the time to do so, even if we admit the necessity.

It is not only physical work, but mental, that should be avoided after a heavy meal. For either of these has the effect of drawing the blood to the active portions of the body, so as to deprive the stomach of the supply which it needs for the adequate use of the digestive organs.

The best that the average worker can do by way of observing this rule is to make only a light lunch, if it is necessary to return to work immediately after, but to make the evening meal the meal of the day. After a late dinner it is possible to take things easy for an hour or so, and proper digestion is made possible.

It is also possible in most cases to observe the converse, and to refrain from eating when tired.

When you are absolutely fagged out, your digestive organs will naturally not be so capable of doing their work efficiently as when you are at your full vigour and freshness.

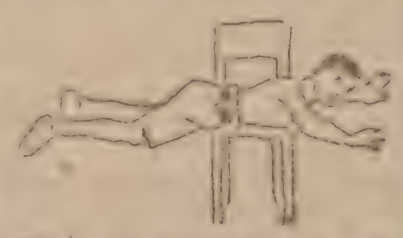
Also when you are eating, give your mind to it. Don't read at table or your digestion is bound to suffer, and the value of your food to be greatly reduced.

Some foods, of course, are assimilated very much more quickly than others, but the average time required for complete digestion varies between two and three hours. The minimum time is that required by bread, scrambled eggs, and other foods—one hour and a half; the maximum is that demanded by roast pork—five hours and a quarter.

SWIMMING AT HOME.

I think I have already referred on this page to the value of swimming as a form of physical culture. But one need not wait to get into the water to experience the benefits of the exercise.

There are many who have no opportunities for visiting swimming bath or river, and for these the following exercise is most useful.



The breast stroke makes a capital dry-land exercise.

Place your chest and stomach on a chair, preferably a soft-seated one, and extend your legs and arms, so that the entire body is in a horizontal position. The legs should be close together, with the feet extended, and the hands should be stretched beyond the head so that the palms are downwards and the forefingers touching.

Now strike out as if you were doing the ordinary breast-stroke in the water. The arms will be carried smartly out with a circular motion, bending but slightly, the hands being turned a little, as though pressing against the water.

The legs will kick vigorously outwards, bending at the knee and being drawn up slightly towards the middle of the stroke.

Then the legs will be returned stiffly to the starting position and the arms bent round till the hands are in front of the head and ready for the next stroke.

The exercise must be done vigorously if it is to be any use. Like ordinary swimming it will benefit every muscle in the body, and even though the resistance of the water is absent, it is to some extent compensated for by the additional strain of keeping the legs in a more or less horizontal position. In the water their natural buoyancy helps to achieve this.

A LEG DEVELOPER.

Stand erect, and then raise the left leg [illegible] assumes the position shown in the sketch, the instep being pressed against the back of the [illegible] knee.

An exercise that takes some doing.

Now bend the right leg until the [illegible] has sunk as low as possible, [illegible] slowly bring the left leg back [illegible] knee touches the other leg. [illegible] bending the right knee, allow the [illegible] to sink still further, the left knee [illegible] down the right leg until it finally [illegible] the heel.

Now after a moment's pause [illegible] slowly to rise, the movements being converse of those already performed until the position of the sketch [illegible] more reached, and the left foot [illegible] slowly to the floor.

The exercise should be performed several times over on alternate [illegible] It has a wonderful effect on the development almost all the leg muscles, and is excellent as a means of strengthening the ankle and knee-joint.

THE POSITION IN SLEEP.

Constantly I am asked by readers to advise on the best position for sleep. I do not think this query would so often reach me, if it were not for the erroneous statements that have been made from time to time in other papers.

I recall reading once that one ought to sleep one night on the right side and one night on the left side. To the average man such a practice would be most harmful, for the weight of the body impedes the action of the heart, and thus [illegible] sleeping on the left side both uncomfortable and dangerous.

The right side is the side for slumber, and there is very little more to be said about it.

I have come across cases where men prefer to sleep on their backs, and undoubtedly there is something to be said for such a practice, for it does not tend to make one shoulder higher than the other, as constant sleeping on the right side is apt to do unless proper exercise is taken.

But it is worth while remembering that the spine is centred what might be called a [illegible] line of the nervous system. Therefore, if you sleep on your back, you keep the spine at too high a temperature, and thus weaken your [illegible] outfit.

Free Physical Culture School for Inch Students.

The Inch Institute of Physical Directors are now offering well-appointed and fully equipped schools of Physical Culture throughout Britain to such students as wish to enter or personally direct a school. :: It is not necessary for the student to lay down a penny piece—the school is fitted at the entire risk and expense of the Inch Institute, who take all responsibility for the Physical Culture apparatus explained in very simple lines explained in the new book, "A School for Every Inch Student." :: Beyond the [illegible] this Institute advertises each new school, and gives [illegible] tuors advice to each school proprietor. :: Of course, [illegible] is done to advertise the Inch Institute. :: Send [illegible] Free Booklet: "Be a Physical Culture [illegible] School for Every Inch Student," and learn how to [illegible] the greatest ambition a physical culturist can [illegible] a Physical Culture Expert.

T. INCH, The Inch Institute of Physical [illegible] (Dept. M.M.), The Broadway, Fulham, London, [illegible]

Free Phosphorus

and its

INTIMATE CONNECTION

with the

BRAIN & NERVOUS SYSTEM

THE Physiologist tells us that every man, woman, and child, with all their peculiarities of form and heredity, is composed of so much of each element and so much of another, and that when any one constituent falls below the normal standard serious complications ensue.

Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus, whose chief work or situation is in the Brain, is one of the most important elements contained in our bodies. Without Free Phosphorus there can be no thought, and very probably no life.

One thing is proved beyond doubt—that the power of intellectual thought depends upon the presence of Free Phosphorus in the brain, and just as Free Phosphorus is unduly wasted, so does the mental power weaken.

The action of Phosphorus in the human system may be briefly stated as the element of activity in brain and nervous system. As the muscular and bony structures require gelatine, fibrine, and other matter for their support and sustenance, so the brain require the one element—Phosphorus—for its renewal and preservation. If the waste of nervous force exceed its normal supply, or if Phosphorus is diminished, this deficiency is made good vital action languishes; the brain and the whole of the bodily system act with a waning vigour.

Of the ugliest features of our complex civilisation is the alarming prevalence of what is called nervous breakdown."

The causes are only too well known; but only recently has the full import of the part Free Phosphorus plays become to be recognised. The constant worry, incessant worry, late hours, unnatural modes of living which seem to be the fashion, have the effect of depleting the nervous system of its necessary supply of Phosphorus.

The more immediate results are the loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, flatulence, dizziness, sick headaches, failure of physical and mental vigour, sleeplessness, distressing sense of weight and fulness in the stomach, all of which are symptoms of dyspepsia and liver complaints.

HOWEVER IT IS THUS SHOWN, MUST BE CHECKED, AND A REMEDY—NO OTHER MEANS IS KNOWN—THAT THIS ONE ELEMENT MUST BE RESTORED.

The Physician's usual order to abstain from worry, to get away from all sources of worry, rarely accomplishes what it is intended to do, as few people know only two well; and again, few are in such a position that their means, their business, or their duties will allow of a lengthened relaxation.

Dr. Birley, after the introduction, by the late Dr. Churchill, of an improved process of manufacturing Phosphorus, found there were serious difficulties in the way of administering Phosphorus so that it would form a perfect solution in the system and reach the brain and nerve-tissues that alone were in need of it. Himself convinced of the absolute necessity of Phosphorus for the human system, he experimented in every possible way—in the various forms hitherto known to medical science; but he found in common with others, that the Phosphorus administered in these forms was not under perfect control; it did not assimilate satisfactorily, and had many drawbacks. His exhaustive experiments ultimately resulted in a discovery—one that rendered the Phosphorus easy of manipulation, and such that the human system would greedily take up. It was rendered absolutely soluble in the blood, and was perfectly satisfactory in its effects in every way; it could pass into the circulation and enter into the composition of the brain and nervous system.

Cases of every class have been treated with this new form of Phosphorus. The prematurely old, the worn and exhausted, the nervous and miserable in every position in life have been gradually restored to a most vigorous and perfectly healthy state. From a lean and cadaverous condition they have become full in flesh, the countenance clear and ruddy, the eyes bright, sight improved, the spirits high and generous, the temper cheerful, the brain again active, perception quick, memory tenacious, and the whole system and character changed from the most pitiable condition to the highest state of existence.

If, then, in all cases of mental and physical debility, where this Phosphorus has been administered, and such conditions found to pass away, what other conclusion is it possible to arrive at than that **this new form of Phosphorus gradually assimilates** with the brain and nervous system, and brings up the depressed and wasted constitution to the normal standard?

With the alarming spread of "nerve troubles" the demand for Dr. Birley's preparation of Free Phosphorus steadily increases, for not only can it be used as a food to be taken daily in addition to the ordinary articles of diet to keep the brain and all the bodily functions in a fit condition, but it has, as one would expect, the power of removing distinct symptoms indicative of an impoverished and low condition of the nervous system.

It is a perfect **brain and nerve tonic and restorative**, a sustaining and life-giving element, remarkable in its powers of curing and relieving all the Brain and Nervous Affections individually known as nervous headache, insomnia or sleeplessness, mental exhaustion, lassitude, vague fears, St. Vitus' dance, over-sensitiveness, loss of memory, neuritis, neurasthenia, nervous indigestion, faintness, melancholia, moroseness, dizziness, trembling, restlessness, neuralgia, nervous debility, hysteria, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, nervous palpitations, inability to concentrate the mind, and general brain and nerve exhaustion.

Among some hundreds of others we may mention the following Reverend Gentlemen who have proved the value of Dr. Birley's Syrup of Free Phosphorus, and from whom we hold some excellent reports.

Rev. CHAS. SPURGEON, London, S.E.—"Have certainly derived great benefit from the use it."

Rev. Dr. COCKRAM, London Orphan Asylum, Watford—"Undoubtedly efficacious during stress of overwork."

Rev. G. SADLER, Cottesbrook, Colnbrook, Slough—"I have pleasure in bearing testimony to the beneficial effects of your medicine."

Rev. J. JAMES, Abercanaid—"Gladly testify to its beneficial results."

Rev. J. W. MORRIS, Glyn Neath—"After taking one bottle only I feel quite another man, full of spirits and fit for work."

Rev. W. BARTON, Hull—"It is undoubtedly a remarkably good medicine."

Rev. H. J. GABRIEL MOLLAN, Clonmethan—"I believe this to be a preparation of very great value."

Rev. W. GLASGOW, Tunstall, Suffolk—"Found it beneficial, and have recommended it to my friends."

Rev. F. JONES, Malton—"Have derived great benefit from the use of it."

Rev. J. B. GRATTON, Leominster—"Have been much benefited, and have been able to get through my work with greater ease and pleasure."

Rev. E. I. DEVONISH, Teignmouth—"I find its benefits in increased mental clearness and vigour and brighter spirits."

Extract from "The Christian Commonwealth."

"Our readers know quite well how careful we are not to recommend anything but what is thoroughly trustworthy, but so many voluntary testimonials of unmistakable genuineness are before us that it is simply impossible to question the efficacy of the treatment to which we are calling attention; hundreds of letters from all classes of people, including titled nobility, clergymen, physicians, &c., amongst which we notice several well-known names, all bear remarkable testimony to the benefits derived from the treatment. These letters we understand are open to the inspection of any bonâ-fide applicant. We were assured that new letters of testimony arrive daily, in proof of which letters received during the past week were produced."

The "Christian Age" says:

"Dr. Birley's Preparation of Phosphorus is the result of scientific studies and experiments extending over many years, and the success which has already attended its use has been almost marvellous. We have seen hundreds of letters (*not copies, but the original documents*), some from persons well known to us, all testifying to the curative effects of this preparation. And more than this, we **know** of cases in which it has been the means of restoring to health when to all appearance recovery was almost impossible."

The preparation of Phosphorus invented by Dr. Birley had at first only a limited sale amongst a few thousands of persons, but it ultimately grew beyond his capacity of meeting the demand in addition to carrying on his private practice, and thus it came about that he appointed the firm of Gordon, Murray and Co. his sole agents to handle the article on a commercial basis, and this firm (now a limited company) purchased outright directly after the decease of Dr. Birley the sole rights of production, and the secret formulæ for its manufacture.

Although in the past the spread of the users of this preparation has come about principally by personal recommendation, the proprietors now feel that the time has come when it should be brought prominently before the great masses, and introduced into every home in the kingdom.

To further this end, the proprietors have decided on a vigorous campaign of publicity, whereby it is hoped many will be induced to become personally acquainted with this wonderful form of Phosphorus who otherwise had never heard of it, or who from hearsay only had indistinct notions of its remarkable properties and capabilities.

The proprietors offer to every person who has not hitherto tried this Phosphorus, on the conditions that they will under no circumstances make a second application for such, and enclose four penny stamps to cover the expenses of postage, packing, and dispatching,

A TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS

(Containing a Week's Supply).

To GORDON, MURRAY & CO., LTD.,
10, Adam Street, Strand,
London, W.C.

SIRS.—Please send me a TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS of Dr. Birley's Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. I enclose FOUR PENNY STAMPS to cover the expenses of postage, packing, and dispatching. I promise never to make a second application for a Trial Bottle, either directly or through any third party.

Signature and Address .....

DX. 30 .....

These TRIAL BOTTLES cannot be sent abroad.

Of all Chemists, Stores, &c., 1/1½, 2/6 and 4/6

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers:

GORDON, MURRAY & CO., Ltd.,
10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE MODERN MAN

Territorial Mufti Suit.

SPECIAL OFFER TO OUR READERS.

The Editor of THE MODERN MAN, in conjunction with Captain L. H. Saunders, has designed something new in the matter of lounge suits.

It is an ordinary lounge suit, cut in the most fashionable style, but with a few slight additions that will serve to remind the Territorial of his regiment even when he is in mufti.

The Editor has secured the co-operation of Messrs. J. and H. Ellis, the well-known tailors, and, in consideration of the publicity that will be given to their firm in connection with this matter, has arranged with them to supply the suit for

10s. LESS THAN ORDINARY PRICES.

In all respects the suit is equal to that which Messrs. Ellis are advertising on another page for 50s. The price to readers of THE MODERN MAN for this special suit, however, is only 40s.

FEATURES OF THE SUIT.

(1) The jacket is cut well into the waist to show the figure.

(2) The gauntlet cuffs come to a slight point, after the military style.

(3) There are on either breast expanding pockets, again in the tunic style. These, however, may be dispensed with if not desired by the reader.

(4) The trousers are cut in a special way. Though not tight, they yet show the form and development of the leg. They are a civilian modification of the military overalls, and are fitted with the fashionable permanent turn-up.

(5) The suit is made in navy blue serge or in tweed, to suit the reader's taste.

(6) A vest of the same material, or a fancy vest, is supplied according to the reader's wish, free of extra charge.

(7) The vest is cut with a long opening at the bottom, which is now the correct thing, and is intended to be worn with the lowermost button unfastened.

This suit is supplied only to readers of THE MODERN MAN.

The fact that it is cut and made throughout by Messrs. J. and H. Eilis, who have had the honour of making suits for H.M. the King, is sufficient guarantee as to its style and finish.

Self-measurement Forms and Patterns will be sent to Provincial readers, and a Perfect Fit is Guaranteed to them. London readers should call and inspect the various samples of cloth in the piece, at the MESSRS. ELLIS' SHOWROOMS,

20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.,

To which address application for free patterns should also be made.

HIS ATONEMENT.

A HUMAN SKETCH.

She was only the governess, and he was the heir to great possessions.

Also she was the first specimen of the Feminine with which he had come into contact.

And the result was the inevitable.

When the intimacy between the heir of the house and his sister's governess was discovered there was a scene.

All the blame was laid to the girl's charge. It was so in the Garden of Eden.

So the girl was dismissed without a character. She was only the governess.

* * * * *

Time went on—the incident was closed as incidents always do close.

But this man had a heart and a conscience.

At the back of his mind he still remembered the girl who had given him his taste of "the forbidden ripe fruits."

* * * * * *

"Suppose we look in here," said a pal, as they seemed at a loose end.

The other assented.

The "here" was one of the principal music halls in whose luxuriously fitted-up foyer some of the night birds hovered, resplendent as to their raiment, their smiles as artificial as their hair tints.

His pal soon paired off, but he sat watching the panorama around him, far more interesting than that behind the footlights.

One woman in particular he noticed. She was alone and her back was towards him. He could only see a well-nigh perfect profile and a crown of golden hair under a great black-plumed hat.

Somehow she seemed different from the others, and yet she was one of them.

He got up and strolled over to her.

"You are alone."

She nodded.

"Suppose we leave here," he suggested, and the woman assented.

Out in the street he saw her face fully.

Something tugged at his heart strings.

"How is it that you who are so different to these others are yet here in such a place?"

"Ah! it is my own fault," she answered sadly.

Her voice struck a chord that had been mute so long. Inexorable memory did the rest.

"No, no! the fault was mine," he said, his conscience goading him.

"You are——"

The lamps of Leicester-square see many meetings and partings, but surely Fate, master jester as it is, never brought about a more strange reunion than this.

"I must talk to you," he said, drawing her hand through his arm. "Let me come home with you."

Taking her silence for assent, he hailed a passing taxi.

They drove in silence. He was weighing the past and the future. She was regarding him furtively, wondering what the end would be.

"It is close on two years since we saw each other." The woman broke the silence as the cab stopped.

He said, "Yes." He was still undecided as to his ultimate action.

She was as beautiful as ever, he realised, and his pulses throbbed again with something of the old passion. He was in her debt, too. But was he prepared to pay?

She opened the door and they entered.

"Say what you have to say and then go," the woman spoke wearily, flinging the great hat aside.

A child's cry sounded from the next apartment. The man started, and looked at the woman.

She nodded, and the flush on her cheek was not art.

"Come," she said. And childish fingers settled the matter for ever.

* * * * * *

"Babs married us, the priest only spoke to her," says the man.

It is as good a reason as another. And it satisfies the woman.

A. M. STEWART

Business is Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

CUTTING A LOSS.

One of the essential principles of business, and one which a man must learn to understand—whether he be an employer or an employee—is the necessity of cutting a loss.

There are losses and losses.

One type of loss is mis-named, for it should never be called an investment. You may be losing money on a business for several months, and yet know that in a month more it is going to pay you. To shut down that business, simply because you are losing money on it for the moment, would be sheer folly.

On the other hand, however, it is worth remembering that it is quite possible to lose money on a business without having any prospects of reaping a good return in the remote future.

Whether any one business is of this nature or not is a point to be decided by the individual concerned, but it is one which he should on any account neglect. Periodically the business man ought to say to himself, "Ought I to cut this loss?"

It does not matter whether the amount he is losing is a large or a small one.

He may be cancelling the account of a small and troublesome customer, or he may be winding up a business that has cost him years of effort.

The principle in each case is the same. He must weigh up, calmly and without personal bias, the question as to whether he is acting wisely in running a concern that, instead of bringing him in money, is merely depleting his purse.

The other day I was discussing with a tradesman the delicate subject of credit accounts, and he told me that several of his customers owed him as much as £50. He is not a man of wealth, and to have such accounts outstanding is a matter of inconvenience to him.

I suggested that he should refuse to give them further credit.

"I don't do that," he said, "they would take their custom elsewhere. Their account is just worth keeping, because now and again I can get a fiver out of them."

There are other accounts, however, that have to be dealt with by tradesmen, and they are not all even the modest fiver.

How often they are nothing more than bad debts, and the sooner they are entered up in the ledger as such, the better, for to go on giving credit to an unreliable customer is merely to jeopardise one's business.

Whether a customer is worth nursing in this way or whether he is not, is again one of the points that must be decided by the individual concerned.

The necessity for cutting a loss is fairly obvious in the case of a fairly large way of business. If he has a branch shop which does not show any sign ever becoming a profitable venture, he will be wise to close it, and in most cases he may be relied upon to act with discretion.

It sometimes happens, however, that a man may be over-conceited even in the matter of his business, and that he may continue running a venture to satisfy his personal pride, even after it has ceased to be profitable. If any such man happens to read these notes, I would remind him of the title at the top of this page—"Business is business"; one does not enter the lists of commerce for fun or for the gratification of pride, but to make money, and if that money is not coming in, the sooner the venture is terminated the better.

There is another aspect of this question which concerns not the employer, but the employee.

The employee does not, as a rule, invest money, but he certainly invests time. The loss that he cuts, therefore, when it comes to cutting a loss, is not one of hard cash, but one that is practically identical with it, for he is cutting the experience he has acquired during hours and days of labour.

There are certain jobs in which a man can never rise, and into which he may have drifted owing to various circumstances. When finally he realises this fact he will be well advised to cut the loss of time involved and to seek something fresh.

What he is going to seek must be a matter for his own decision, for I would never take the responsibility of advising him.

When a man changes his trade he is generally too old to learn another where much training is required, and he therefore adopts one which is more a matter of gift than of practice.

He may become a commercial traveller or a journalist, or adopt some other vocation where talent of a special kind counts for everything.

Let me, however, warn him that his opinion of himself may be misleading in his selection. Everyone thinks that he can sell goods, and everyone thinks that he can write an article or a story, but all too often he discovers that other people are not of a similar opinion.

Before a man adopts any profession, particularly a profession which can be entered in the twenties or the thirties, he ought to review his talents very frankly and candidly, and he ought to size himself up without any prejudice whatsoever.

There is another caution which I should like to give to the man who contemplates changing his trade, and that is not to adopt one of those callings in which it is almost impossible to obtain employment.

Various advertisers recommend a man to become a sanitary inspector, an excise officer, and so forth. They mention the salary attached to such posts, and the ease with which the necessary qualifications may be obtained, but it is only after the qualifications have been obtained that the unfortunate victim discovers that he has to wait years and years before he gets a post, if indeed he ever secures one at all.

Let the employee, therefore, who contemplates cutting his loss of time, consider this matter before he decides on the course he is to pursue.

This article will bring me many inquiries as to what trades I should advise a man to take up if he is tired of his present one.

I do not think that I can give him any advice beyond what I have stated above. If I knew of any job that was profitable and demanded little practice or training, I should be very happy to give its name, but I do not know of any such.

Everything depends upon the individual. One man will make a fortune in a tiny shop, while another will fail lamentably in a large store.

I have drifted away from my subject somewhat, by mentioning these various cautions, which I consider it my duty to give in this connection, but the fact remains that whether a loss be one of money or of time, when you find that it is a loss, and an irretrievable one, your common sense demands that you should cut it.

THE VIM OF SPORT.

A man will battle through a raging storm on the moor, not because he is compelled to do so, but because he has set out to shoot grouse, and takes the buffets of the weather as part of the game.

The same man will play football till he is more than tired, and will raise no complaint at a hacked shin.

A sportsman goes through all the minor and great difficulties that beset him without uttering a complaint, but he whines more than a little at the monotony of business life.

If his vigour and determination in sport could be translated into terms of daily work, he would rapidly become a man of wealth.

If you mention this to him, he will say that sport is very different from business, for about one's daily business there is little novelty or interest. But it is just the same with sport if you follow it every day. The gamekeeper is never so enthusiastic as the amateur gunner.

The truth is that for a man to keep up vigour and interest in his business there is required a self-control and self-command that are bestowed on few, and it is those few that rise.

All the same, it is worth the while of the ordinary man to bear in mind during his business hours the vim he puts into his sport, for, by calling this to memory, he may help to buck himself up when he feels lazy and depressed.

CAUTION IN BUYING.

It is possible, if you go the right way to work, to pick up a business very cheaply, but it is just as possible to be done in.

A man sells a business for various reasons—because he has made a lot of money in it and wants to retire to a life of leisure, because his health is failing, but most frequently because he does not know how to make it pay.

The last reason he will never admit to a possible buyer. He will say that the district does not agree with his wife's health, or will give some other reason.

Here, then, is my first caution. Let the man who is looking out for a business weigh up the pros and cons very carefully before he decides to part with his money. I do not want to preach a gospel of general distrust, but I never take as truth the unsupported statement of a man who is trying to sell me something.

If I were buying a business, let us say in a country village, I should make inquiries of other tradespeople before I decided on a deal, no matter how convincing might be the statements of the seller. Of course, in making such inquiries you will strike local and personal antipathy, particularly amongst tradesmen in the same line of business as that which you contemplate taking up, but for such prejudice you must, of course, make allowances.

By discounting personal bias you will arrive at something approaching the truth, and will be able to form your own opinion as to whether the statements that have been made to you are correct.

There is another point which is very well worth considering on the part of the buyer of a business, and it is this. There are many businesses which have been mismanaged, and which have proved failures, but which can very readily be turned to success by competent management. Such a business can be picked up very cheaply indeed, and you should always insist on the purchase price being cheap if the profits are small.

On the other hand, you must remember that in buying a business which requires working up you will have to spend a good deal of money in bringing in trade, whether you follow a policy of advertising or selling at reduced prices, and, of course, if you have not the necessary capital at your disposal you will not consider the purchase of such a business.

The transference of a business should never be carried out on what might be called friendly lines. It should be regarded as business hard and fast, and the taking over of stock should be a matter not of friendly arrangement but of mutual valuation.

Stock, by the way, is a ticklish point. Very often the reason of the collapse of a business is that the stock kept is unsuited to the needs of the community which are being catered for. Whether this is so or not is a matter for your judgment and experience, but if you have any suspicion that a new class of goods would suit you better you should refuse absolutely to take over the old stock, and should insist upon the present owner of the business selling it off for what it will fetch.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXVII.

A FAMOUS VICTORY.

On a garden seat, overlooking the tennis lawns of Bagley Court, the stately home for many generations of the Lyons family, a family that ranks for fineness with the best that our England has nurtured and produced, Edwin Derwood sat talking to Violet Lyons.

His conversation was light and friendly, as was hers, but there was ferment in his mind. He wanted to speak of things far different from what he was saying, but he did not know how to begin.

As with all men not quite sure of themselves, he was afraid of making a mistake.

If once he let loose his feelings, they might carry him far beyond the confines of discretion—but would they carry her?

He had known her now for five years, in fact since she was a schoolgirl, and had studied her as only a man can study that which represents his most desired possession, but always there was something in her personality which baffled his perception.

He was uncertain, not because he failed to understand her—he was too experienced to expect that—but because he feared her.

It was the fear of one who has pages in his book of life which would make ugly reading, coupled with the knowledge that women have the faculty at certain times of reading through and through at one glance.

Her very innocence and inexperience were additional dangers. He knew she would shrink from fierce love, and his love was eating into him like vitriol.

From where he sat he could see deer grazing beneath the trees in the park, and it occurred to him that she was like them, shy and graceful but quickly affrighted.

Nevertheless, he must say what he burned to say—for things were happening.

Within the house at this moment was Richard Selby, taking an after-dinner smoke with their host, Vincent Lyons, and of late he had been a frequent and cordially welcomed guest.

Besides, he had seen how his eyes watched the girl now sitting beside him and chatting so pleasantly, with such maddening self-possession, about nothing in particular. She never entered a room without Richard Selby's eyes meeting hers like a flash and then leaving them as quickly, and the perfect control of features of both created, rather than dispelled, suspicion.

He must make haste.

It was the calm stillness of a September evening, and any moment the two men might come out on the terrace to finish their smoke, and go down to the lawn to interrupt him.

"Shall we stroll down to the lake?" he said suddenly, turning his eyes full on her face.

"If you like," she replied, "though it's very nice here. Besides, father and Mr. ——"

"Oh no," he interrupted, "they won't be out yet. I think Mr. Selby's admiring your father's collection of rare china."

Despite himself, there was a faint accent in his voice which cast a stigma upon Richard's skill as a connoisseur, but she did not appear to notice it.

She met his gaze frankly as he stood up, and she got to her feet also.

"Wait a minute," she said. "I'll run and get some biscuits for the swans."

She was wearing an exquisitely-becoming dress of some colour resembling lilac, but a surge of passion robbed him of the capacity for noticing detail. All he could tell was that she stood out against the evening sunlight and the variegated hues of the flower-beds behind her, an entrancing picture of fresh and dainty womanhood, and, all at once, just as she turned to go, he put out his hand and caught her by the arm.

"I say, Violet," he said, and he gave a short, rather excited laugh at the touch of the coolness of her arm, "you really are a delightfully pretty girl!"

"Am I?" she said, and smiled frankly. "Is it the first time you've noticed it?" she added, mischievously.

His fingers tightened their hold, but she looked down at his hand and he released her.

"The first!" he said, and his voice trembled. "No, nor the thousand and first! You're the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Stuff!" she said.

"You are!" he repeated, taking a step forward and clenching his hands.

"How serious you sound!"

"I am serious—in deadly earnest. Violet, I——"

"Yes?" she said, with a derisive inflection that effectually stopped him.

"I—I was going to say something silly," he replied, managing a laugh.

"Then it's a good thing you didn't," she returned, smiling at him over her shoulder.

"Make haste," he called, and, as he watched her run across the lawn towards the house there was a smile of satisfaction on his face. He was beginning to think she cared.

Even the cleverest man may be deceived by a woman's frankness.

He waited for her with eager impatience, dreading that the others might come before she reappeared, but she was back almost at once, and presently they were by the side of the lake.

The very consciousness of her proximity and the feeling that now or never was the time, made him tremble. He stood in silence while she fed the swans, a silence that at length made her turn to him and ask him why he was so "grumpy."

The innocent query had no sooner left her lips than she regretted it. The expression on his face made her take a step backwards. He was white, and his eyes glowed. To her there was in them something of the yellow, sinister glare of a tiger.

"Mr. Derwood!" she exclaimed sharply, as the full import of what he was saying so rapidly, so quietly, yet with such blistering heat, reached her mind.

But he would not be restrained now. He poured out to her the whole flood of his love with such force that she could only listen in the concentrated stillness of utter astonishment, her face gradually growing as white as his own.

She had known this man was fond of her, but so were many of her father's friends, and she had taken him, as them, for granted, feeling impersonal towards them all.

But if this was love, love was a hideous thing.

In his words, wild and strange though they were, there was nothing actually offensive—he was too much of a gentleman for that—but his manner, his intensity, his *hunger*, struck her cold. There was something ravenous about him.

"No, *no*!" she cried out when he used the definite entreaty that she would consent to marry him, and, with the words, anger quick and terrible flared in her face. "I couldn't! You must be mad!"

"I am mad," he said, "mad for want of you, mad without you. I'm burned up. I'm like the desert. I'm a soul in torment."

"Be *quiet*! I won't listen to you," she said, and she stamped with vehemence.

He checked himself as abruptly as he had commenced. He realised with a sick heart that he had gone too far.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I [illegible] myself."

"I should think you did!"

"I'll go. I was a mad fool. I don't know what made me do it. I know you will never forgive me for this."

He paused for a contradiction, but she stood looking past him, her head high, plainly waiting for him to suit the action to the words, and at last

"*Will* you forgive me?" he asked humbly, but with insistence in his voice.

"It isn't a question of forgiveness," she retorted cuttingly, still keeping her eyes from his.

"After all, I can't help loving you," he went on.

"You can help talking about it," she broke in.

"Yes, that was where I did wrong. I'm sorry. It means that I've pitched happiness away for me irrecoverably. You won't understand, of course, because you don't care. But if I [illegible] was sorry for loving you," he continued, "it will be a lie."

There was falsity somewhere in his words she well knew, but in spite of herself she felt her temper abating. He was hinting at a blank life, and it was not pleasant to feel [illegible] responsible for that. Nevertheless, [illegible] falsity——

"I don't deserve it," she heard him say, "but if you would forgive me, and forget [illegible] have ever offended you——"

"Very well," she interrupted, desiring only to end it.

"And can we go on as before—just friends?"

"Oh, yes, if you like. But remember I trust you never to talk like that again."

"You can trust me," he said gravely, and bent and kissed her hand.

The salute was meant to convey humility, but a smile again hovered on his lips when his head was concealed.

And even while the action was being performed Richard Selby came down a path near by [illegible]

Derwood and Violet close together, and [illegible]

And Derwood kissing her hand!

Something seemed to snap in his brain, and he stood like a rock.

Simultaneously the two looked his way. He could not catch their expressions, for a mist was before his eyes, and he did not obey his impulse to turn and go, because that would have shown that he cared.

He walked steadily forward and joined them.

Derwood and Richard had crossed swords more than once, generally to the former's hurt, but now exultantly, Derwood realised that he had gained a victory incalculable.

He could easily imagine what Richard would make of the incident he had witnessed.

"Where's Lyons?" he asked, sweetly.

"Gone to write a letter or two," answered Richard.

"Ah, that reminds me," said Derwood, and turned to Violet. "If you will excuse me I want to scribble a line."

She nodded.

"It won't take me long," he added, as if separation were painful to both of them.

He wanted to get away and leave them together.

Unless he were vastly mistaken, Violet would forbid her to make an explanation, and his enemy would draw only one conclusion.

But there were depths in Richard's character, of which he had no understanding.

* * * * * *

"I think there'll be rain before morning," observed the girl when Derwood had gone.

They were the first words that came to her, but she used them to prevent an awkward silence. Even as she did so she wondered whether Richard was going to sulk or storm. Whichever it was, she intended to make him suffer—which [illegible] would have revealed much to him could he read her mind. For because she had been hurt, she thought he ought to be hurt too.

"What did you let him do it for?" said Richard suddenly.

"Do what?" she returned, tilting her

perceptibly. Of course, if he was going to really——

"Kiss your hand." Richard was quite unabashed.

"I didn't let him."

"You did."

"I didn't."

"You could have stopped him."

"I didn't want to stop him," she affirmed defiantly.

There was no change in his face, only that he swayed a little.

Then, after a pause, as if to collect inward strength, he contradicted her again.

"Yes, you did," he said.

There was neither sulking, nor storm, nor crying. She forsook direct statement for evasion.

"Mr. Selby," she said, "if you're going to be rude I think we had better go in."

"I'm not rude," he said quietly. "It is the truth. You could have stopped Derwood kissing your hand and you didn't. Why?"

"Why do you want to know?" she asked, reverting to the obvious, and seeing its danger so quickly that she hurried to another question. "Why should I answer you? I fail to see that it is worth discussion."

"I must know before you go," said Richard without a trace of feeling.

She hesitated.

She wanted to be dignified, and she wanted to laugh at the same time.

"If you can show me that you have the slightest right to ask," she said at length, greatly daring, but also greatly dignified, "I shall be pleased to tell you."

The answer came at once.

"Because you can't be less than I believe you to be," he said.

And the remark silenced her.

She turned to go—and turned back again. At all costs she must make him angry or he would have won.

"You want to know why an old friend kissed my hand?" she said, as if thinking it out. Raising the hand she examined the back of it carefully, and then peeped at him from beneath her lashes. It was plain to see that she considered he needed watching. Such a pretty hand any man would want to kiss.

"Wipe it off," said Richard, unmoved.

"I won't," she retorted, putting the hand behind her back.

"Wipe it off," he repeated.

"I will have to," he said.

She watched him, her eyes dancing.

"You are funny," she answered, and waited for his smile, but waited vainly.

"If you won't, I will," said Richard.

It was a battle of wills now, though neither showed it.

"Mr. Derwood is an old friend," she explained indifferently.

"Very dear friend," she added, as he made no answer.

"Are you in love with him?" asked Richard all at once.

"How dare you ask?" she blazed.

"I must know," he replied, unflinchingly.

"Why?" she demanded, and she meant to know this time.

Richard seemed to take a pull at secret strength. There was a strained look about his eyes, but the mouth revealed invincible determination.

"Listen a moment," he said. "I am a man about to ask for a thing I don't deserve. I am going to do so as to be able to ask for that thing some day. You know what it is."

"I don't," she said, at bay.

"If I lose the chance of having it," he went on, ignoring the contradiction, "is lost, it will make no difference. I shall go on just the same. But I shall not have it lost to someone unworthy. That is why."

She looked away from him, and slowly the blood mounted up her neck and spread over her face, and slowly she paled.

"Derwood loves you," said Richard, and his voice had become strong and masterful. "That is nothing. I think every man ought to love you——"

She laughed, a low, rippling sound of delicious raillery.

"Oh, you silly!" she said.

Richard jumped.

"Then you don't care for him?" he said in a burst. "Oh, I *knew* you didn't!"

"You seemed very frightened, at any rate," she teased. "No, I don't care for him—nor anybody, only dad and Arthur, and——" she looked at the sky and frowned to think. "Oh, an odd one here and there. Come along! We really must go in now."

"Wipe it off," said Richard.

She paused doubtfully, lifted the hand again, hesitated, then with sudden decision, held it out.

"Wait! Here's my handkerchief," she said, taking it from her belt.

He scrubbed the back of her hand with it, then himself kissed the place.

"That's better," he said, taking a deep breath.

"I don't see that there is much difference," she returned demurely.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.* —ED].

LAST IMPRESSIONS.

THE END OF THE SPORTSMAN'S HOLIDAY.

It is in these later summer days when the man who is not a millionaire, and whose holidays are few and far between, sets about his favourite sport with a feverish interest.

He is racing against time. His leisure is limited, but his appetite for sport is unlimited, and he would crowd every hour that he can call his own with every sensation he can wring from his favourite pursuits.

If he rides, he is impatient at every hour that passes without giving him its due share of this best of all sports. Indeed, to whatever sport it is from which he derives his most complete enjoyment he now devotes himself with an abandonment and a passion that are not to be found even at the beginning of seasons, when he is all eagerness to get into form again.

While the wrong end of his holiday was still far enough distant to leave him untroubled, he went about his sport with a leisurely stride that suggested unending opportunities, but as the end draws near, and positively the last day is within measurement by hours, rather than by weeks, or even days, a feeling akin to panic seizes him.

With dash and determination he is up and doing, wasting no time sighing for the impossible ideal of endless leisure and endless sport.

At such times the senses seem keener than usual to note and appreciate all the attractions of sport. The surroundings in which a man takes his pleasure are not now taken for granted, but they become another source of pleasure.

The shooting man is as deeply absorbed in the overflowing richness of the fields and woods as he is in the rise of his bird or the precipitate scuttling of the rabbit.

He notes the changes that the days have made in the setting for his pleasures. Fields have been turned from green to gold; trees have lost their clear green freshness and their leaves are yellowing with decay. The land seems to have rolled up its riches into a great wave whose crest will shortly break into a spreading flood of harvest plenty.

The fisherman clings to the stream side throughout the day and far into the evening. So long as his days were long in the land he knew no haste. He went leisurely about his silent business. But now that he is soon to be parted from his mistress he cannot live out of her sight.

He works the stream at every point, stalking as near to the banks as he dare, stealthily casting his fly or watching his float with the concentrated intentness of a tiger waiting, with contorting body, to spring upon its prey.

And all the time he is absorbing the details of *his* surroundings. The incessant buzzing of tormenting flies, at ordinary times a nuisance, now becomes something like a pleasure, for he will carry the recollection of that buzzing back to his desk, and it will bring back to him all else.

He notes every ripple that breaks the stream's surface, he counts the skimming swallows as they dip to the water and rise again. He notes the jerk of the moor-hen's tail as it glides out of the forest of reeds, where the rats sit slicing up the green stalks with their sharp little teeth.

Above all he loves to linger by the streamside until sundown, and watch the mists grow thick and grey above the water, and smell the scents of flowers set free by the distilling dew.

The horseman knows a fiercer joy as he moves in unison with the mighty creature that carries him. His quickened breath and racing pulse give him now a greater sense of perfect glowing health than at any other time, and the air is stronger, more intoxicating, as he fills his lungs and swells his chest.

On every field men play the game with more observant eyes and more receptive minds.

All these minute and trivial things the sportsman notes as he spends his last hours of leisure, and these are the impressions that he carries back to towns and cities to feed his soul when sport has to be put far from him.

C. EASTON-GREY.

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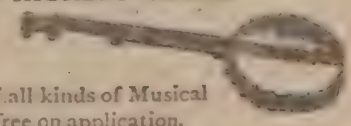

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HIGHLAND GAMES

SEPTEMBER IS THE MONTH FOR THEM.

During September, Highland games, or gatherings as they are sometimes called, are in full swing throughout the northern parts of Scotland.

They have an attraction which is peculiar to themselves. They have no counterpart in England or in any other country whatsoever.

Most of the great Highland gatherings are annual events, and are regarded as matters of moment to all who live within a radius of fifty miles of the rendezvous.

Essentially they are sporting events, and sporting events of the purest character, for it is not on record that a bookmaker has ever been seen at a Highland gathering. But they are not sporting only. They are regarded throughout the district in which they are held as opportunities for a happy outing.

A UNIVERSAL HOLIDAY.

There is not a farm labourer in Scotland who does not consider himself entitled to get off in order to attend the Highland gathering nearest his place. You may see them in the early morning, cycling and sweating in their thick suits, making their way towards the place of meeting.

On Scotch farms it is customary for the labourers to spend the leisure of their summer evenings in putting the weight, throwing the hammer, and in the practice of those other feats which will be seen to perfection at the Highland games.

But it is not only the farm labourer who constitutes the audience at such a gathering, although he is typical of the majority of the spectators, and it is he whom you notice on the road.

Men of all degrees, high and low, attend the Highland games. There is the hawker with his tray of oddments and there is the great Society lady just down from London, and dressed in all the magnificence of a Parisian costume.

Highland games have a peculiar fascination, not only for the natives of Scotland, but also for the wealthy Southerner. Long before the Inverness games take place, arrangements are made with the leading hotels in the town for rooms, for the accommodation of fashionable English visitors.

SPORT AND SNOBBERY.

It is, perhaps, a pity that these athletic gatherings should, to some extent, have become fashionable functions, for their popularity amongst people of wealth has bred many abuses.

At such a meeting as the Braemar gathering we see several bogus clans which have been inaugurated for no other purpose than to suit the vanity of certain wealthy residents in the district. The King's Balmoral Highlanders have no right to the name of clan at all. Neither are the Duffs genuine Highlanders, for they were started only by the last Earl of Fife, the present Duke's father. The Forbeses are another bogus clan, and it is pitiful to see the procession of the various employees of the local gentry, dressed in full Highland garb, and pretending to be Campbells and Macdonalds when they are only Smiths and Browns.

There are, however, many genuine clans represented at the Highland gatherings, such, for example, as the Farquharsons; but, unfortunately, the splendour of the uniforms depends upon the extent of the chief's purse, and, in many cases, the genuine old clans have to take a second place in appearance to those of mushroom growth.

The preliminary procession with which most Highland gatherings are now opened has become largely a farce, a sop to the vanity of the wealthy, almost an insult to the national traditions of Caledonia; but this procession is soon over, and then the sports begin.

They are of a peculiar character, to be found in no other quarter of the globe. Tossing the caber, putting the weight, throwing the hammer—all these things are peculiar to the hardy Northerner, and his sports have this peculiarity, that they are most interesting to watch, even though you have no knowledge of the competitors.

Another interesting point in connection with the Highland athlete is his admirable versatility. You will find the same man excelling in many different and quite dissimilar feats. A. A. Cameron, for instance, holds the world's record for no less than fourteen different things.

It is by no means uncommon to find a man who has taken a prize at tossing the caber also carrying off the honours of the dancing platform.

There is something strange to a visitor about this dancing. To see a brawny man, dressed in a kilt, holding his hands above his head, and dancing with all the nicety of toe action that you find in an Empire ballet girl, seems strangely incongruous, but the settings of the scene redeem it all from becoming ridiculous. The music is not supplied by a brazen orchestra. It comes from the bagpipes of a brawny Highlander who stands beside the platform tapping the ground with his foot in rhythm with his music.

THE FRAME TO THE PICTURE.

It is this same setting which adds dignity to the whole event. The mountains, blue in the distance, raise their heads above the nearer heather-clad hills, while the green bracken contrasts with both, and enlivens the immediate foreground. Far away along the valley the river winds like a silver ribbon.

Add to this setting the bracing and enlivening air which is to be found in these mountain amphitheatres, and you will better understand the enthusiasm and the general atmosphere that pervade these meetings.

In the evening, when it is all over, the brakes that have brought visitors from the town come rumbling out of the fields and the yards of the local hotels, and their passengers mount upon them.

Off they drive through the gathering darkness, to arrive at their destinations late at night, or, perhaps, in the early hours of the morning.

But the journey is not one to be grumbled at, for there is mirth and jollity throughout it. This is not to be confused with a beanfeast, for, though there is continuous song and jest, there is no vulgarity about it. The voices of men blend with those of women, and crofters come to the gates of their gardens to listen to the passing of those who have been lucky enough to attend the games.

THE HIGHLAND BALL.

But this is not the ending of the day of the more fashionable section of the visitors. It is almost the invariable custom, after a Highland gathering, to hold a great ball, and the women who attend it are magnificently dressed, while the men are either in Highland costume or in military uniforms.

At such a ball as this, the traditional reticence of the Scotchman appears to be dissipated for ever, and, for the time at least, he is possessed with all the dash and gallantry of a French cavalier.

The whole function, whether you cycle to it and witness it in a humble way, or whether you are the fortunate guest of one of the local chieftains, is a thing which you will never forget, for it is unlike any other sporting or social event.

Sporting it is essentially, and social, pe... fortunately; but over it all there is the glamou... the old-time dignity of the Highlands, the fla... of the romance that kept the North of Scot... faithful to the Stuarts after all faith was un... served, a suggestion of the dash that makes the Highlander one of the finest soldiers in all our Army.

These sports are infinitely superior to their nearest English counterpart—the horse race.

At the one the spectators are ... their love for horses and for speculation; at the other they are watching the cream of physical manhood, and have throughout the whole of the training many direct inducements to take them seriously in hand with a view to securing improvement.

Who shall say how much these Highland ... have done for Scotland?

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Fire, Burglary and Larceny and Domestic Servants Insurance.

IN ONE POLICY FOR ONE PREMIUM AT LOW RATES.

NOTE.—Being Independent of all Tariff Combinations this Corporation's Policies are free of all vexatious restrictions and conditions.

ASSETS - - - - Over £1,500,000.

Chief Offices:
GENERAL BUILDINGS, PERTH; and
9 and 10, KING ST., CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

THE MODERN MAN.

Form of Application for £500 Insurance.

To be detached at dotted line and forwarded to

GENERAL
Accident Fire and Life
ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.
General Buildings, Perth, Scotland.

I request you to forward to me, in the accompanying **addressed envelope**, the Insurance above described, to register my name as below, as the holder of the Insurance, for which purpose I also enclose a Postal Order for 6d.

Full Name, ...

Address, ...

.....

Occupation, ...

Date, ...

Postal Orders should be made payable to the Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited," and crossed.

Please Write Plainly.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors, endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. H. (Hull).—You do not ask much! All you want is full directions how to excel at Association football. If we attempted to write you on the subject, the letter would take about a week to write and a day to read. Watch the paper for football articles which will appear regularly.

D. C. H. (Glasgow).—(1) To get broad in the shoulders, practise that exercise where you lie down on the floor and raise your body up and down by bending and straightening the arms. (2) On leaving the top of a tramcar with a lady, the man goes down first, in order that he may alight first and assist her.

"WISTFUL" (Wakefield).—For a man to be making 32s. a week is not half bad. Stick to your job, unless you have a very definite offer of something better.

C. J. T. (Fairford).—To obtain a fresh situation as a clerk you should use what influence you have to find out where there are vacancies or likely to be vacancies. You should also study the advertisements in your local papers, and also in the London dailies. There is no royal road to obtaining employment in this line; in fact, it is most difficult to do so.

T. E. (Swansea).—To improve your chest practise those of Mr. Mitchell's exercises which involve shoulder movements.

T. E. J. (Middlesbrough).—Shaving daily certainly tends to make the hair grow quicker, but it is the only way to make the face look trim and smart.

F. R. (Hull).—Safety razors are all right. The dearest ones are worth their money, but even the five-shilling ones give a very smooth shave—much smoother than you can get with the average razor.

H. D. (Stafford).—We can't persuade our Editor to name his brand of tobacco, because he says he won't give free advertisements to anybody. But he admits it doesn't cost him much; sometimes he smokes it in a pipe, and sometimes he rolls it into beastly, untidy-looking cigarettes. He rather likes to roll his own cigs., though he keeps a silver cigarette case well stocked with choice Virginia and Turkish for his visitors and favoured contributors.

A. C. (Galashiels).—A man who pretends to be well dressed does not as a rule wear a shirt more than twice; generally he has a fresh one each day. Where laundry bills are a consideration, circumstances must, of course, alter cases.

T. M. S. (Bromsgrove).—It is purely a matter of fancy. Many of our Cavalry Tommies wear rubber heels on their walking-out Wellingtons, probably to increase the height of the heel rather than for any other purpose. Rubber heels are jolly good things anyhow.

C. O. (Stirling).—Tut-tut, sir! Remember that we are not married—yet.

A. H. (Woodstock).—An excellent cure for a sore throat is to inhale the steam from a jug of boiling water to which a spoonful of vinegar has been added.

R. W. H. (Tredegar).—We never said the Yeomanry were superior to the Infantry. In fact, the latter can give the former points in lots of things—in shooting especially.

"DIGS" (Yarmouth).—Advertise in one of your local papers or with us. It should not be difficult to obtain such sporting "digs." as you require. There are plenty of farmers in your locality who will gladly put you up for 15s. a week, and also give you a bit of sport. And most of them read this paper.

N. S. (Yelverton).—It was only the Editor who said the "King's Own" was the finest Yeomanry regiment in the country, but he, of course, is prejudiced.

F. T. (Bradford).—Write to the Admiralty Recruiting Officer, 7, Whitehall Place, London, S.W., for all particulars as to the conditions of service in the Navy.

P. T. (Chester).—A fair price for a bulldog pup with a reasonable bit of breeding is from two to three guineas.

The Scareship

AN EPISODE.

On the Parade at Brighton a September moon glowed. Out at sea the lightships winked intermittently, the small breakers tinkled over the shingle.

I was strictly, perfectly, and beautifully sober—in a state, in fact, that would have well become a temperance reformer after a beanfeast or a Liberal candidate's supporter at a Wesleyan schoolroom meeting. Therefore I was sure that no little alcohol devil was yelling things in my ear when I heard a general murmur rising above the sizzle of the sea—"The airship!"

There were several groups against the rails that are used largely by loungers to lean upon picturesquely and observe the fair ones that make up for the sad falling-off in Brighton's sunshine record. Around these groups skirmished one, Tibbs, who let out on hire alleged marine and field glasses by the minute, day, or week.

"'Ere—a tanner a time, an' you can see the h-airship plain as day," said Mr. Tibbs.

I joined a group composed of a dyspeptic gentleman—evidently a stockbroker—from the Métropole over the way, a tripper in gorgeous white flannels, and a commercial traveller. I knew he was a commercial traveller because I had heard him telling funny stories on the promenade that morning.

Said the stockbroker: "I don't believe it's an airship at all. It's Jupiter."

One clear point of light showed in the sky, not far from the moon, as heavenly distance goes.

"Jupiter! Pooh!" said Mr. Tibbs, waving a pair of alleged "night" glasses whose lenses rattled. "You look through 'ere, sir. Why, you can see the tail lights, I tell ye! That ain't no star."

"Didn't say it was," said the stockbroker. "Jupiter's a planet."

"Look 'ere," said Mr. Tibbs, persuasively, "keep yer optic on the roof of the Palace Pier Pavilion. . . . Now look at what you call Jupiter. . . . There! Ain't the angle slightly different now? . . . Watch it, sir. You can see it move a little."

"The pavilion?" asked the stockbroker.

"No, the h-airship, yer—sir!" Mr. Tibbs corrected himself hastily. "*Can* I do any business with you gentlemen? Only a tanner a time. Thank you, sir. . . . Thank you."

The stockbroker put up his glasses and turned them on the point of light that swayed almost imperceptibly above us.

King's Road (which is Brighton's parade) was packed now with a sea of faces turned heavenwards, and the pale moon's light showing on them. It was a little impressive.

"The man's right," the stockbroker said, at length. "It *is* an airship!"

"So it is!" said the tripper, hastily.

"I was just going to say so," said the commercial travaller.

"I thought so all the time," said I.

"And what did *I* tell yer?" Mr. Tibbs put in, breathing the fumes of but lately consumed beer amongst us.

The stockbroker put his hand on my shoulder.

"I say," he said, suddenly; "what does it all seem like to you—something that *watches*, eh!"

"Something—that—watches!" I found myself echoing vaguely. There was something uncanny about this thing floating in the air immeasurably far above us, and yet so near to us in all that its presence meant. A new force to be contended with; a new baby to be fed—on mankind! Something that watched. . . .

"Them Germans again," said the tripper, sagely. "You never know where they're going to pop up next, do you, sir? It's rotten! I'm a Tory, *I* am, an' proud o' the fact, though I *do* live in one of the 'ottest 'ells of Radicalism in all London. It's the weakness o' this 'ere Government—so-called Government—or they wouldn't *dare*. These 'ere Germans stands an' laughs in our faces. They reg'lar dogs our footmarks, don't they, sir?"

"Rather," said the stockbroker, "sometimes they've got their thumb in your soup at a restaurant——"

"Ain't it 'orrid?" said the tripper. "S'posin' the blokes in that ship up there was to drop a sack or two of dynamite on old Brighton?"

"Work for the unemployed," observed the stockbroker, "and less depression in the undertaking trade."

"Old ruins are cheap to-day!" the commercial traveller chuckled.

"Ah, it's all very well for you to jabber like that!" said the tripper in injured tones. "That's 'ow they're all talkin'. But s'posin' ——"

"Supposing"—began the stockbroker.

"I shall say it 'ow *I* like, sir! It's your class that's *really* to blame—people like you, with education an' all that. You smile at a Drury Lane Drama. It ain't fashionable to be serious. You're tryin' to run this country on the sense of humour principle. Ther's a bit of stern reality about that affair up there. O'os in it, I say! Is it these Germans, watchin' again—watchin'? An' we're 'elpless down 'ere, 'elpless!"

The stockbroker put up his glasses again wearily.

The commercial traveller said that the tripper's remarks reminded him of a story.

The tripper suggested that he should reserve it until a more fitting time.

"Everything seems to remind people of somethin' funny in these days," said the tripper. "There ain't no backbone to this 'ere country."

"We're at least superbly pessimistic," said the stockbroker.

"You're right, that's just what we are," said the tripper, "superbly—er—what you said, sir? But we're standin' here an' lettin' this sort of——"

"Good Lord! what's that!" said the commercial traveller, much alarmed.

The airship had suddenly swooped earthward, and its cigar-shaped air-chamber was ablaze.

"'Ooray!" said the patriotic tripper. "That'll teach 'em to come over here meddlin' with other people's affairs! So perish all H-England's enemies!"

He closed up his glasses with a decisive snap. Everything was discernible with the naked eye.

Then the stockbroker burst out into peals of laughter. For the reason that it is not meet I should mention names, let me say there is no firm of pill manufacturers named Blank; but written large in letters of fire upon the framework of that airship were the words:

TRY BLANK'S PILLS—ABOVE ALL!

The Parade, generally, broke out into roars until the last paper air chamber burst, and the blazing sky sign fell and fizzled out in the sea.

"I saw it sent up from the Black Rock," Mr. Tibbs confidingly whispered to me. "It was a time fuse, yer see."

"A very good advert. too," was the commercial traveller's comment.

The tripper had disappeared.

B. ROPER.

The Outer Man.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

COLOUR-SCHEMES.

The days when only the fair sex were permitted to indulge in anything like a colour-scheme in the matter of dress are happily past.

The man who has any pretensions to being well-dressed must devote some care to the harmony of what colour he allows himself in his attire.

The tie must harmonise with the shirt, and these again must not clash with the hue of the socks or the suit.

Even the colour of one's hair must be taken into account, especially if it be of any pronounced colour.

I know a man whose hair is of the most vivid carroty red. If he wore a dark blue suit, this would be a positive disfigurement, and would make him conspicuous anywhere.

As it is, he is very fond of a colour-scheme in which the hue of his hair is taken into account. His suit is usually of a brown colour, with more of red than chocolate in it.

His socks are also of brown, relieved by clocks or stripes of some other colour.

His tie is of some subdued shade of yellow or some tint of brown that gives a sufficient relief from the colour of his suit.

His shirt, if not of white, will be of some quite different colour from the rest of his attire—always a light shade, however, and one that does not clash.

Pale blue, perhaps, will predominate, or he may even go in for a further variation of the brown theme and have some shade of fawn or biscuit colour.

Pink, mauve, red and green he carefully avoids, knowing how they would clash with the rest of his attire and with his orange-coloured hair.

Thus my friend becomes a handsome, well-dressed man, instead of an object of curiosity, simply by adopting in his clothes the colour-scheme best suited to his personal peculiarities.

THE VALUE OF TASTE.

It may sound effeminate for a man to bother his head about such things as colour-schemes, but to the man of taste it is rather a matter of instinct than anything else, and in any case good taste need not be restricted to women.

That the result of a harmonious colour-scheme is far better than that of adopting the policy of the lilies of the field, and taking no thought for one's raiment, is generally admitted. And as I have said before, it is a man's duty to society not to offend the eye of everyone he meets by a glaring clash of colour.

One scheme of colour will suit one man, and look horrible on another. On a dark man the scheme suggested above would be fatal.

I hope to suggest on this page from time to time other schemes of colour which may give my readers some ideas.

It may seem at first that the colour-scheme is solely for the man who can afford to devote both time and money to his dress. This is not so in reality.

It will cost you no more to buy a pair of socks that will harmonise with your suit than to get a pair which will clash wildly with it.

A NOVELTY IN COATS.

On the beach at a quiet little seaside village the other day I observed a slight novelty in masculine attire which may appeal to some of my readers.

The place was not one in which one would expect to find anything very startling in the way of dress, and personally I reserve my oldest garments for my visits there. But the coat which I saw worn

by a tall, well set-up young fellow in conjunction with a pair of grey flannel trousers struck me as an exceedingly sensible garment, combining comfort with a certain amount of smartness and novelty.

The material was dark blue serge, but the cut was that of a Norfolk coat, with a pleat at the back and a waistbelt. A further touch which to my mind added considerably to the general effect was the fact that the buttons were of polished brass—not the sort of thing that adorns a porter's or a liftman's livery, but smooth flat ones, such as are worn on many club blazers, for instance, that of the Leander R.C.

Such a coat is, of course, essentially a holiday garment, but for the river, the seaside, the golf-links, or anywhere one wants ease without entirely sacrificing appearance, it is hard to beat. The fact that it is a little out of the common will be a further recommendation to those of my readers whose figures are sufficiently athletic to "carry it off."

BULGING POCKETS.

Most of us overload our pockets most culpably. On this matter I can speak with all the fervour of Satan rebuking sin, for an inventory of the contents of my own at the moment of writing comprises a watch, a bunch of keys, a letter case, an evening paper, a couple of pipes, a box of matches, a tobacco pouch, a cigarette case, a cigar cutter, a purse, a knife, a pencil, a note-book, a pair of scissors, a latchkey, about a shillingsworth of loose coppers, and a railway ticket.

This may be taken, I think, as a fairly representative list of indispensable pocketable articles. Some men carry more, some less. The non-smoker is able to lighten his burden very considerably. This, by the way, is one of the few advantages I have ever been able to discover in abstention from tobacco, and I respectfully offer the point to the Anti-Nicotine Society for their best consideration.

It is obvious that nothing does more to spoil the set of your clothes than heavily-laden pockets. Yet, short of the poacher's pocket, a complete remedy is hard to find. And, as I have said before, you might do worse than adopt the poacher's pocket, especially in these days of wide-skirted lounge coats.

THE ALTERNATIVES.

You may, of course, adopt the suggestion recently put forward on this page, and tell your tailor to give you as many pockets as he possibly can, thus distributing your load. But the worst of it is that the more you have the more you seem to want, and there is, after all, a limit to the number that can be put into a suit.

But what alternative receptacle is there? For the handkerchief one's sleeve can be utilised, but for a latchkey, say, or a pair of scissors, the sleeve is impracticable, unless one has the adaptability of the Heathen Chinee, to whom the concealment therein of twenty-four packs of cards presented no difficulty.

The perfectly-dressed man would, perhaps, have no pockets at all—or, rather, would put nothing in them. But this is too heroic a remedy. Sewing-up has, indeed, been tried before now, and that in no less a place than one of our great public schools. But that was solely for the purpose of squashing the hands-in-pocket sloucher.

The modern man's pockets are often so full that there is little or no room for his hands. So out of evil some good may come after all. Who shall say that the swollen pocket is altogether to be deprecated if it has the happy result of producing an improvement in the sloucher's carriage?

SOMETHING FRESH.

As I expect you have probably seen in another part of the paper, I have co-operated with the Editor in designing a mufti suit for Territorials.

I cannot claim that the conception of the idea was mine, but I should like to claim some of the credit for the result, which strikes me as particularly becoming.

I understand that the Editor has arranged for the suit to be supplied to his readers at a reduced price, but that matter, of course, is a business one and outside my department. All that concerns me is that the suit is most becoming.

STUD AND LACE.

Life is largely made up of little things, and consequently it is no matter for surprise that its little worries are apt to affect us, apparently, at times, much more powerfully than some of the big ones.

Most men will agree that two of the most potent of these little worries are the broken bootlace and the disappearing collar-stud.

The man who is capable of facing ruin with a laugh and death with a smile is, as often as not, the person who is reduced to a state of raving lunacy by the snapping of a lace as he is doing up his boots or by his collar-stud's weakness for rolling under the bed when he is dressing in a hurry.

Time is a valuable consideration to the man who is confronted with the necessity of bathing, dressing, swallowing his breakfast, and catching his train all in the space of half an hour or so. He is the wretched victim on whom the stud and the lace are most in the habit of playing their grimly humorous pranks.

The remedy is simple. A spare stud or two should always be kept handy, preferably in a box reserved solely for the purpose. Instead of being indispensable, the missing one can then be recovered at one's leisure.

IMPORTANT.

WHY not have your suit cut by the man who fitted H.M. the KING?

FACE to face we know we could convince you to order your Spring Suit from us and be fitted by Mr. ELLIS, who was for ten years principal cutter to a Bond Street House, numbering Royalty amongst its clientèle. But as we have no travellers we must depend upon our advertisement and our tailoring to increase our Business. We want your custom.

We Buy and Sell for cash, eliminating the cost of credit. We do not maintain any travellers, eliminating another cost. These two costs not existing in our business we can provide you with equal Quality Clothes as in Bond Street at practically Half their usual charges.

The MAJOR says:
That Messrs. Ellis cannot be beaten for Style, Fit, and Material.

LOUNGE SUIT in Indigo Blue, New Brown, New Green MATERIALS. 50/-

TRY US.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS,
The Smart Set Tailors,
201, STRAND, W.C.,
And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

This is a sample of style and fit. We give it.

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, London. Annual Subscription, 8s. 3d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Dark jacket suit, chest 39in., arm 19in., inside leg 29in.; overcoat, same size; pair lace, size eights; the lot 25s., worth 50s. Exchange.—Box 1046, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Frock coat, morning coat, vest, and trousers, 47in. chest, 18in. inside sleeve, 31½in. leg, 41in. waist, 6s. 6d. each; short blue coat, trousers, 31in. leg, 33in. waist, 41in. chest, 20in. inside sleeve, 10s. 6d.; 3 fancy linen shirts, 15½in., 3s. 6d.; 2 pairs check spats, tens, 1s. 3d., as new; 8 Baden-Powell collars, 16 by 3, 1s. 9d. All very best quality. What offers to clear?—Box 1047, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's real Panama hat, seven and a quarter, too large; sell 10s. 6d.—Box 1048, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Four gentlemen's white shirts, 16in. collar, new condition, cost 6s. 11d., sell 3s. each.—Box 1049, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Blue-black waterproof coat for man 6ft., 15s., cost £3. 17s.; boy scout's outfit, 5s.—Box 1060, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Pair of roller skates, steel wheels, ball bearings, adjustable, wanted for cash.—Box 1043, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Polished fly fishing rod, 2 tops, and brass reel, cost 21s.; 12in. basket and strap, cost 5s. 6d.; book of flies, good condition. Take 14s. the lot.—Box 1051, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, 2 pairs roller skates; must be best make, ball bearings, in good condition, and price moderate.—Box 1052, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Billiard table, half size, 5ft. by 3ft., solid oak, and frame on turned legs, facsimile to a full size, good condition, all accessories included; accept £10.—Box 1053, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, billiard-dining table, condition as new, good size.—Box 1054, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Physical Culture.—See Inch's advertisement, page 16.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Wanted, small basket 2-wheeled trap for 11 hands pony, must be good and cheap.—Box 1055, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For sale, smart Ralli car, London maker, suit 13.2 to 14.2 hands; price £12.—Box 1056, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SADDLERY.

Wanted, a second-hand set of black harness, to suit pony 11 hands, 14in. collar; approval.—Apply Box 1057, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, colonial type saddle, medium size, bridle, all accessories, for narrow-backed horses; also leather cabin trunk or portmanteau, full size, extra strong; both must be best quality and condition.—Box 1058, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"DIGS."

Furnished House to be let for six months, from September 1st; in charming grounds of about ¾-acre; four reception rooms, five bedrooms, bath-room, etc., and usual domestic offices; stabling or motor garage.—Mornington Lodge, Old Southgate, N.

Wanted, bed-sitting room, S.W. preferred, partial board. Terms moderate.—Box 1086, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

STAMPS.

Collection over 1,000 different stamps, in album, suit beginner; 12s. 6d.—Box 1070, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Collection stamps (1,500), Lincoln album, many good. What offers cash? Approval.—Box 1071, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Collection stamps (1,500), Lincoln album, many good. Gentleman has book containing old colonial stamps. Valued £20; take £2.—Box 1072, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

CYCLES.

3¼ h.-p. Rex motor-cycle, Whittle belt, excellent order, new tyre on back; £5 5s. cash; Lancashire.—Box 1045, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's bicycle, new this season, all latest fittings, Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear, hardly ridden; sacrifice £4 5s.—Box 1059, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, boy's cycle, boy 9; must be in sound order, cash; or exchange.—Box 1060, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Bargain. Gentleman's cycle, 2-speed, roller brakes, good running order; 35s.—Box 1061, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Light road racer, 24in. drop frame, oval plated rims, 1¼in. Palmer covers and tubes (new), Lucus Holophote lamp, all accessories, good as new; bargain, £2 2s.—Box 1062, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For sale, gentleman's Coventry Challenge bicycle, last year's pattern, drop frame, in good order, lamp and tools, owner going abroad; £4.—Box 1063, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MUSIC.

Violin, fine tone, new bow, strings, pitchpipe, and Brewer's Instructor, complete; £1, or nearest offer.—Box 1044, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

B flat cornet, Courtois model, nickel plated, German silver valves, double water key, case, lyre, and A shank, nearly new; 40s.—Box 1064, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, good second-hand set of musical hand bells in sound condition. State full particulars.—Box 1065, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Banjoes, etc.—See Hewitt's advertisement, page 21.

EDUCATIONAL.

Five pounds per week and upwards earned by Advertisement Writers; opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus post free.—(Dept. 38), Page Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford St., London, W.

For Sale, "Chamber's Illustrated Encyclopædia," 1906 edition, as new; must be sold; owner leaving England; cost £6 5s., accept £3 cash.—Fowler, 42, Kitchener Terrace, Bath Road, Bristol.

36 parts "Doré Dante," 3 vols. "Living London," splendid condition; what offers?—Box 1039, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"International Library," first-class condition, contains bookshelf; cost 9gns.; what offers?—Box 1041, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Grand bull bitch, brindle, 14 months, excellent pedigree, very fond of children; £3 10s., or exchange mastiff dog.—Box 1066, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, black retriever dog pup, over distemper.—Box 1067, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Champion pedigree Airedale terrier dog, 14 months, magnificent specimen, fit for exhibition, reliable guard, best of companions, faultless; sacrifice for 45s.—Box 1068, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

POULTRY YARD.

Bargain. Tamlin's latest 60-egg incubator, almost new, self-feeding lamp, never used, giving up poultry; sacrifice £4 10s.—Box 1069, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

TRADE.

Safety Razor, with extra blades.—Satisfaction guaranteed; 2s. 6d.—Box 841, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Watches.—Ladies' or Gent's; silver; perfect time-keepers; 7s. each; ditto in gold, 13s. 6d. each.—Box 840, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Fountain Pen.—Very fine; solid gold nib; only 2s.—Box 842, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MEDICAL.

An Absolutely Genuine Hair Restorer; recipe, 1s.—Marriott, 36, Serpentine Road, Harborne, Birmingham.

Barber's Rash—Cure 4 days; P.O. 1s.—Walker, Avona House, Gillygate, York.

JEWELLERY.

Gentleman's gold guard; Benson's; cost £7 5s. absolutely unworn; sacrifice £4 15s. or nearest offer.—Box 1073, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gold—Gentleman's £10 18-carat gold watch, perfect; for £5.—Box 1074, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted—Heavy 15 carat ring; give 50s. field glass; or see "Concertinas," no cash.—Box 1075, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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